INSIDE: DROP INTO DANGER WITH "SERGEANT ROCK!"

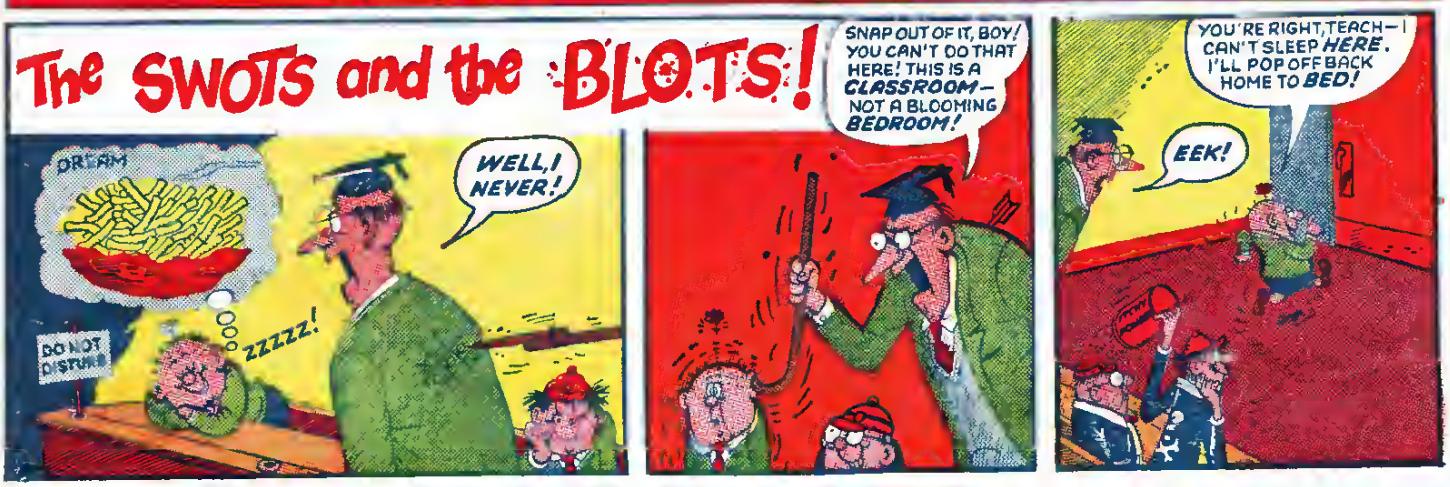
SMASH!

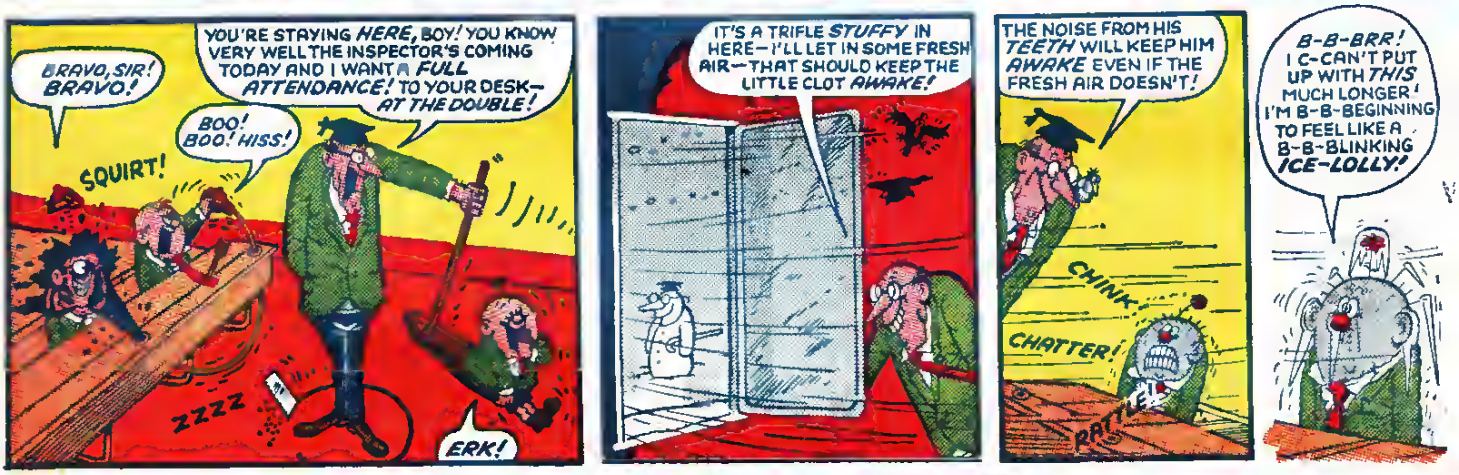
INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

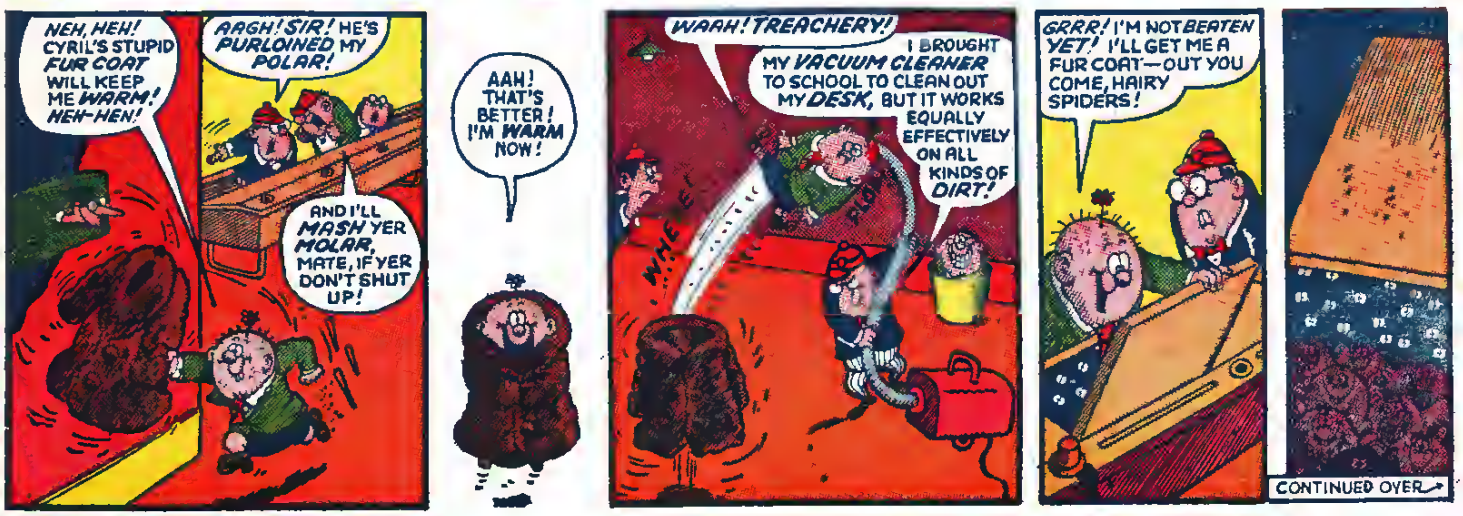
No. 159
15th FEB. 1969
EVERY MONDAY
7d

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d.
SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1 - NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c)

The SWOTS and the BLOTS!


DREAM
WELL, I NEVER!
ZZZZZ!
DO NOT DISTURB
SNAP OUT OF IT, BOY! YOU CAN'T DO THAT HERE! THIS IS A CLASSROOM— NOT A BLOOMING BEDROOM!
YOU'RE RIGHT, TEACH— I CAN'T SLEEP HERE. I'LL POP OFF BACK HOME TO BED!
EEK!


BRAVO, SIR! BRAVO!
YOU'RE STAYING HERE, BOY! YOU KNOW VERY WELL THE INSPECTOR'S COMING TODAY AND I WANT A FULL ATTENDANCE! TO YOUR DESK— AT THE DOUBLE!
BOO! BOO! HISS!
SQUIRT!
ZZZZ
ERK!
IT'S A TRIFLE STUFFY IN HERE— I'LL LET IN SOME FRESH AIR— THAT SHOULD KEEP THE LITTLE CLOT AWAKE!
THE NOISE FROM HIS TEETH WILL KEEP HIM AWAKE EVEN IF THE FRESH AIR DOESN'T!
CHINK
CHATTER!
RATTLE
B-B-BRR! I C-CAN'T PUT UP WITH THIS MUCH LONGER! I'M B-B-BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A B-B-BLINKING ICE-LOLLY!


NEH, HEH! CYRIL'S STUPID FUR COAT WILL KEEP ME WARM! NEH-HEH!
AARGH! SIR! HE'S PURLOINED MY POLAR!
AND I'LL MASH YER MOLAR, MATE, IF YER DON'T SHUT UP!
AAH! THAT'S BETTER! I'M WARM NOW!
WAAH! TREACHERY!
I BROUGHT MY VACUUM CLEANER TO SCHOOL TO CLEAN OUT MY DESK, BUT IT WORKS EQUALLY EFFECTIVELY ON ALL KINDS OF DIRT!
WHEE!
GRRR! I'M NOT BEATEN YET! I'LL GET ME A FUR COAT— OUT YOU COME, HAIRY SPIDERS!
CONTINUED OVER

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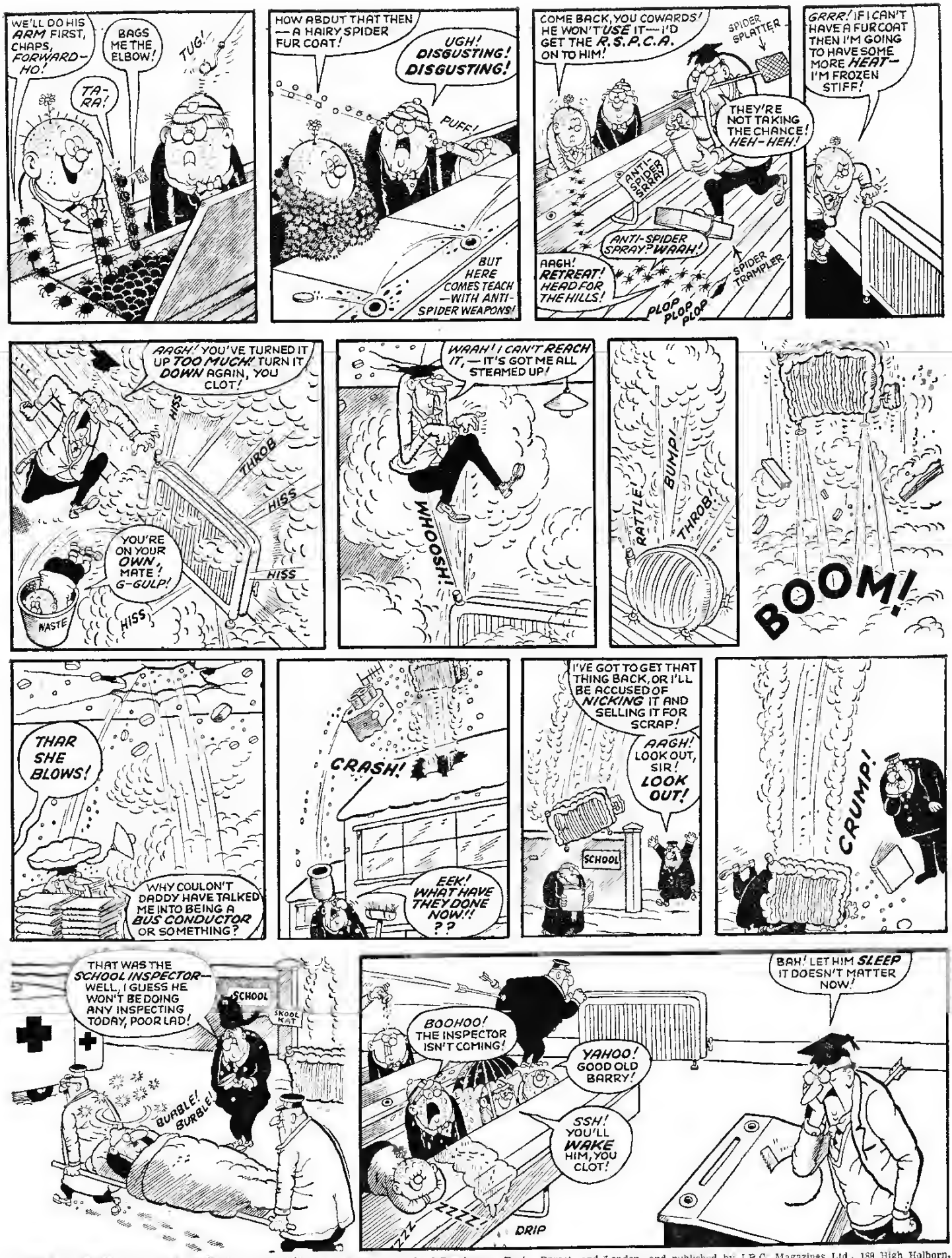
WE'LL DO HIS ARM FIRST, CHAPS, FORWARD-HO!
BAGS ME THE ELBOW!
TUG!
TA-RA!
HOW ABOUT THAT THEN — A HAIRY SPIDER FUR COAT!
UGH! DISGUSTING! DISGUSTING!
PUFF!
BUT HERE COMES TEACH — WITH ANTI-SPIDER WEAPONS!
COME BACK, YOU COWARDS! HE WON'T USE IT — I'D GET THE R.S.P.C.A. ON TO HIM!
SPIDER SPLATTER
THEY'RE NOT TAKING THE CHANCE! HEH-HEH!
ANTI-SPIDER SPRAY
ANTI-SPIDER SPRAY? WAAH!
AAGH! RETREAT! HEAD FOR THE HILLS!
SPIDER TRAMPLER
PLOP PLOP PLOP
GRRR! IF I CAN'T HAVE A FUR COAT THEN I'M GOING TO HAVE SOME MORE HEAT — I'M FROZEN STIFF!
AAGH! YOU'VE TURNED IT UP TOO MUCH! TURN IT DOWN AGAIN, YOU CLOT!
HISS
THROB
HISS
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, MATE! G-GULP!
HISS
HISS
WASTE
WAAH! I CAN'T REACH IT, — IT'S GOT ME ALL STEAMED UP!
WHOOSH!
RATTLE!
BUMP!
THROB!
BOOM!
THAR SHE BLOWS!
WHY COULON'T DADDY HAVE TALKED ME INTO BEING A BUS CONDUCTOR OR SOMETHING?
CRASH!
EEK! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE NOW!! ??
I'VE GOT TO GET THAT THING BACK, OR I'LL BE ACCUSED OF NICKING IT AND SELLING IT FOR SCRAP!
AAGH! LOOK OUT, SIR! LOOK OUT!
SCHOOL
CRUMP!
THAT WAS THE SCHOOL INSPECTOR — WELL, I GUESS HE WON'T BE DOING ANY INSPECTING TODAY, POOR LAD!
SCHOOL
SKOOL KAT
BURBLE! BURBLE!
BOOHOO! THE INSPECTOR ISN'T COMING!
YAHOO! GOOD OLD BARRY!
SSH! YOU'LL WAKE HIM, YOU CLOT!
ZZZZ
ZZ
DRIP
BAH! LET HIM SLEEP IT DOESN'T MATTER NOW!

Smash, incorporating Fantastic, is printed in Great Britain by Southernprint Ltd, of Branksome, Poole, Dorset, and London, and published by I.P.C. Magazines Ltd., 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Subscription rates: Inland and Eire £2 8s. 0d.; Overseas £2 10s. 0d.; Dollar rate $6.50. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. Conditions of sale: This periodical shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade at more than the recommended selling price shown on the cover, and that it shall not be lent, resold or hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or annexed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

KING OF THE RING

WRESTLER KEN KING AND HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY STONE ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY ROUND THE WORLD. IN SOUTHERN FRANCE KEN CLASHES WITH A MASKED WRESTLER, 'THE TIGER MAN', AND A CONTEST IS ARRANGED AT THE PALATIAL HOME OF THE SPORTSMAN, LE DUC. KEN'S SUSPICIONS HAVE CAUSED HIM TO MAKE CERTAIN PLANS WITH LE DUC...

YOUR EYES ARE FLASHING *'MONEY SIGNS,'* BLARNEY! I'M FEELING PRETTY CHEERFUL MYSELF!

WHAT A *TURN-OUT!* EVEN LE DUC'S *HOUSE-GUARDS* ARE HERE IN FULL FORCE TO WATCH THE FIREWORKS!

TIGER-MAN HAS BEEN *NEEDLING* KEN KING FOR DAYS... *MA FOI,* THERE'LL BE *MURDER!*

IT'S A *'GRUDGE FIGHT'!* NO HOLDS BARRED, TONIGHT!

KEN IS FORCED TO ONE KNEE, BUT...

SACREBLEU! VIVE L'ANGLAIS!

PHEW, I THOUGHT KEN MIGHT *SUBMIT..!*

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR *FUNERAL ARRANGEMENTS,* LITTLE PREY? MY *CLAWS* ARE *SHARP!*

PERHAPS I'LL *TRIM* THEM, CHUM!

TIGER-MAN SPRINGS...

UGH!

HAVE A TIGER-MAN *SPECIAL!*

LOOK OUT, KEN! GREAT HEAVEN!

THEN...

A NERVE HOLD! KING GOES STIFF!

NEXT MOMENT...

TIGER-MAN'S LOCKED HIM IN A *REVERSE SUSPENDED CROSS-BOW!*

AHH, THE *PAIN..!*

KING *MUST* SUBMIT!

THE SUBMISSION COMES...THEN....
IT WON'T HAPPEN *TWICE*, BLARNEY! HE'S *GOOD* — BUT I'M FIGHTING MAD!
TWO ROUNDS LATER ....
AN ***IRISH WHIP!***
MY CHANCE IS COMING. I WANT AN '*EQUALISER*'.
YEOOW!
THE TIGER-MAN *SUBMITS!*.... A BOSTON CRAB!
THIS MAKES US ***SQUARE***, CATMAN!
TENSION GRIPS THE PACKED HALL...
WHO WILL WIN?
IT'S FANTASTIC! THE NEXT FALL IS THE ***DECIDER***!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CHATEAU, *ANOTHER* MASKED FORM IS MOVING.
A ***FORTUNE*** IN PAINTINGS—ALL READY FOR THE LIFTING! SO SIMPLE WHILE THE CONTEST KEEPS EVERYONE BUSY...
BUT SOMEONE WATCHES...
IT IS AS M'SIEUR KING EXPECTED. NOW I GIVE THE ***SIGNAL*** BY USING THIS SWITCH!
LIGHTS ABOVE THE RING FLASH!
THE SIGNAL! TIGER-MAN, THIS IS WHERE I PUT ***YOUR*** LIGHTS OUT!
WHAT THE.....?
A CORNER-POST KNOCKOUT! TASTE ***THAT*** FOR TIGER FOOD!
WHILE TIGER-MAN IS UNCONSCIOUS....
THIS IS ***IT***, MR. LE DUC! GET YOUR GUARDS WEAVING..... WE'RE IN BUSINESS!
HAVE YOU GONE NUTS?
KEEP BACK! I ***WARN*** *YOU....!*
YOU'VE GOT TO BE ***KIDDING!*** MIND THAT *KNIFE* OR I'LL GET ANNOYED.
HAVE A *DROP-KICK* FOR LAUGHS! I DID ***WARN*** YOU!
UUUMPH!

I DON'T GET IT! WHO IS THIS BIRD? HE CAN'T BE THE TIGER-MAN!
HE'S AN ACCOMPLICE! I RATHER FANCIED THERE WERE TWO TIGER-MEN IN THE CHATEAU—BECAUSE ONE OF THEM RAN FROM ME EARLIER.
I KNEW THE REAL TIGER-MAN WOULDN'T RUN AND THAT SET ME THINKING. I WONDERED WHY THE REAL TIGER-MAN HAD MADE A DEAD SET AT ME FROM THE BEGINNING... WHY HE LURED ME HERE TO THE CHATEAU.
IT WAS A 'PUT UP' JOB—AS M'SIEUR KING SUSPECTED. HE IS A VERY SMART MATMAN.
BECAUSE I'M A GRAPPLER I DON'T HAVE TO BE DIM!
LATER..
YOU STUPID FOOL! IF YOU'D BEATEN KING IN THE RING, WE'D NOT HAVE BEEN CAUGHT.
DROP DEAD! HE BEAT ALL THREE OF US!
WE'RE IN THE CHIPS, PAL! FOLK PAID A STACK TO SEE YOUR 'GRUDGE MATCH'.
WE WON'T LEAVE THESE PARTS YET NOT WHILE THE GRAPPLING GAME AND THE WEATHER STAY THIS GOOD!
KEN AND BLARNEY LAUNCH INTO ANOTHER GREAT NEW GRAPPLING SAGA NEXT WEEK!

STAMP QUIZ

DO YOU KNOW?

1. What country puts C.C.C.P. on its stamps? .....
2. Does ICELAND issue stamps? .....
3. Name any country which has issued TRIANGULAR stamps? .....
4. What country issues special CHRISTMAS stamps? .....

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PLEASE SEND FREE GIFT AND APPROVALS.
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NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

WIZARD PRANG
IN
WIZ WAR
DEMON DRUID
AH! WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY TO BE STANDING ABOUT DOING NOTHING! FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD!
FAR FROM THE TERRIBLE TRAFFIC...!
AWRRRK!
BERROOOM!
YIPE! I'VE BEEN KNOCKED DOWN. NO, UP!
BUMP!
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, YOU...YOU...WHISKERY TEENAGE HOOLIGAN?
OH, DEAR! I AM SORRY I WAS JUST TESTING MY SUPER-CHARGED, TWIN CAM-SHAFTED, ULTRA-SONIC MOTOR-CYCLE WHICH DOESN'T NEED PETROL!
DOESN'T NEED PETROL? HMMM THAT'S VERY INTERESTING!
AHA! THIS SOUNDS LIKE JUST THE THING, WHILE MY MAGIC CARPET IS IN THE GARAGE HAVING A NEW UNDER-FELT FITTED!
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME HAVE A GO? IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO, SEEING THAT YOU RAN ME OVER!
VERY WELL, BUT I WARN YOU THAT RIDING IT ISN'T AS EASY AS IT LOOKS!
ARE YOU SURE YOU REALLY WANT TO TRY?
OF COURSE I DO!
AND IF IT WORKS AS WELL AS THE OL' NIT SAYS IT DOES, I'LL PINCH IT!
HEY! HOW DO I START THIS THING?
YOU DON'T. ENGEL'S DOING THAT FOR YOU!
FIZZZZ!
YIPE! HOW DO I STOP IT?
OH, I FORGOT. ENGELBERT USUALLY DOES THAT AS WELL, BUT AS HE'S NOT WITH YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO THE BEST YOU CAN FOR YOURSELF!
HE-E-E-ELP!
1,100 M.P.H
ZOOOOM!
DEMON DRUID LIVES HERE KEEP OUT, SERFS
THANK GOODNESS! I'M HOME AT LAST!
1,200 M.P.H.
ZOOOOM!
EEK!
CRASH!
A MOTOR-BIKE WITHOUT PETROL'S A REALLY SMASHING IDEA! THE TROUBLE IS... I DON'T LIKE GETTING SMASHED!

SERGEANT ROCK —PARATROOPER!

PARACHUTE REGIMENT
ARNHEM! ONE OF THE MOST SAVAGE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE WAR! A NAME THAT SPELLS UNDYING GLORY FOR THE AIRBORNE ARMY!

HEY! MISTER...HELP ME, PLEASE!
"MANY BRAVE MEN DIED IN THAT BATTLE INFERNO. BUT ALSO, IN A WAY, IT WAS THE MAKING OF OTHERS, JUST AS IT MADE.... PARATROOPER JOE SLATTERY..."

FOR NINE DAYS, THE RED DEVILS HAD CLUNG TO THE BATTERED RUBBLE THAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE DUTCH TOWN OF ARNHEM... DESPITE EVERYTHING THE GERMANS COULD THROW AGAINST THEM...

YOU TRY TO BE FRIENDLY TO HIM, SIR, AND THAT'S WHAT YOU GET! WHAT MAKES HIM LIKE THAT?
WELL, I KNOW HE'S NEVER HAD A FAMILY.. AND THAT HE'S HAD TO FEND FOR HIMSELF SINCE HE WAS A CHILD!

THAT FIRST MORTAR BOMB NEARLY BROUGHT THE SLATTERY STORY TO A SUDDEN END... BUT LUCK WAS WITH THE BIG PARATROOPER...
THERE MUST BE A GERMAN ARTILLERY OBSERVER SOMEWHERE HE'S GUIDING THESE MORTARS RIGHT ON TO US!
I SAW HIM! HE'S IN THAT HOUSE!
SWIFTLY SLATTERY PULLED THE PIN FROM A GRENADE... AND THEN...
THIS WILL FLUSH HIM OUT!
EVEN AS THE GERMAN OBSERVER TRIGGERED HIS SCHMEISER GUN, THE GRENADE EXPLODED...
AAAAAGH!
A VOICE FROM ACROSS THE ROAD MADE SLATTERY WHIRL ROUND....
UUUGH!
SOMEONE'S IN THERE! ANOTHER JERRY!
HE RUSHED OVER AND...
CIVILIANS! THAT SCHMEISSER BURST HIT ONE OF THEM!
JUST A SHOULDER WOUND. HE'LL BE OKAY! IS HE YOUR FATHER?
I SPEAK ENGLISH! NO.. HE IS MY SCHOOLMASTER. I HAVE NO FATHER!
THEN THE ROOM SHOOK TO A RAKING BURST OF GUNFIRE...
SPANDAU! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, KID!
LOOK AT SLATTERY! HE'S BRINGING IN SOME CIVILIANS!
AND ONE OF THEM'S A BOY!
AS HIS WOUND WAS BANDAGED, THE DUTCHMAN REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...
LOOK AT THE WAY THAT KID'S WATCHING YOU, SLATTERY. YOU'RE A REAL HE-MAN HERO IN HIS EYES!
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE ANYWAY? I THOUGHT YOU MOVED THE KIDS OUT!

JAN! HE RID HIMSELF WHEN WE STARTED TO EVACUATE THE ORPHANAGE. HE WOULDN'T LEAVE. I CAME BACK TO FIND HIM!
AN ORPHAN, EH? WELL HE'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO GOING IT ALONE, I HAD TO!
BUT AS SLATTERY STRODE AWAY...
I GO WITH YOU!
DON'T TALK CRAZY! GO ON...BEAT IT! I DON'T WANT YOU WITH ME!
SUDDENLY THE DIN OF BATTLE GREW LOUDER...
THEY'RE ATTACKING DOWN THE ROAD! WE CAN STOP THEM... FROM THAT HOUSE!
GO ON, YOU FOOL, KID. DON'T YOU BOTHER ABOUT NOBODY ELSE STAY WHERE IT'S SAFE!
FROM A SHELL-PITTED HOUSE THE PARATROOPERS POURED WITHERING FIRE AT THE ATTACKING ENEMY...
BUT THEN...
FLAMETHROWER!
GET OUT OF HERE!
EVEN AS THE OTHERS SCRAMBLED TO SAFETY, JOE SLATTERY AIMED A PIAT...AND...
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO ROAST SLATTERY, SQUAREHEADS!
BUT AS HE TURNED TO FOLLOW HIS COMRADES....
AAAGH!
THE BIG MAN!.. WHERE IS THE BIG MAN?
THE KID MEANS JOE SLATTERY. I THOUGHT HE CAME WITH US!
THEN ABOVE THE CRACKLE OF STEN FIRE THEY HEARD SLATTERY'S VOICE...
THAT'S HIM! SLATTERY MUST BE TRAPPED IN THERE!
I'M NOT DONE FOR YET!
I'M GOING BACK TO HELP HIM! HE'LL BURN ALIVE UNLESS...
A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE SLICED INTO THE TWO PARAS...
AAAAGH!
I'M COMING, MISTER JOE! I'M COMING!

NO! GO BACK, YOU LITTLE FOOL! DON'T COME IN HERE!
BUT THE DUTCH BOY PAID NO HEED...
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT OF HERE... WHILE THERE'S STILL TIME!
NO...I AM GOING TO HELP YOU, MISTER JOE!
IT'S NO USE, KID. WE CAN'T SHIFT IT... UNLESS—
I'LL GET IT FOR YOU, MISTER JOE!
...UNLESS THAT GRENADE WILL DO THE TRICK. SOMEBODY MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE RUSH OUT OF HERE!
SLATTERY ROLLED THE GRENADE UNDER THE BEAM...
KEEP CLEAR, KID. GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR!
AND LUCK WAS WITH THEM...
THEY'RE OKAY!
WE WERE COMING FOR YOU, SLATTERY, BUT THE BOY BEAT US TO IT!
AT THE END OF THE NINTH DAY, THE AIRBORNE RETREAT FROM ARNHEM BEGAN...
TAKE ME WITH YOU, MISTER JOE, PLEASE! I WANT TO BE WITH YOU. I AM YOUR FRIEND!
NO, I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH ME! GO WITH YOUR SCHOOLMASTER, HE'LL MAKE SURE YOU'RE SAFE!
BUT, I PROMISE YOU, JAN... I'LL BE BACK. I'LL COME BACK FOR YOU, WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER... YOU AND ME... WE'LL BE TOGETHER!
THAT BOY THINKS THE WORLD OF YOU, JOE. JUST AS IF YOU WERE HIS FATHER!
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO BE...HIS FATHER!
YES, PALS, OUT OF THE INFERNO OF ARNHEM A NEW JOE SLATTERY WAS BORN. JUST AS I SAID, ALTHOUGH WAR DESTROYS MANY MEN... IT IS ALSO THE MAKING OF OTHERS. SEE YOU NEXT WEEK WITH ANOTHER TALE OF THE FIGHTING RED DEVILS!
UTE REGIMENT

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
POST OFFICE
POST BOX
HMMM... I WONDER WHAT'S WORTH PINCHING IN A POST OFFICE?
STAMPS!
THAT'S ANSWERED HIS STUPID DL QUESTION!
YEE-OW!
STAMP!
THOSE KIDS MAKE GRIMLY HOPPING MAD - BUT THEY'VE GIVEN HIM AN IDEA...
WHY NOT? I'LL PLAN A FIENDISHLY CLEVER RAID AND PINCH ALL THE STAMPS IN THE POST OFFICE!
I'LL FILL UP ONE OF MY SOCKS WITH SAND - IT'LL MAKE A SUPER SOCKER! HEH! HEH!
FEENDISH PONG!
SAND
I'LL JUST TRY IT OUT! A NICE WIDE SWING, AND...
PHEW!
OUF! IT WORKS!
SOCK!
LATER...
HOI! YOU BEHIND THE COUNTER... COME ON - PUT A SOCK IN IT!
STAMPS
AND SHE SAID... NATTER... NATTER...
JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! HEH! HEH!
NO! SHE DIDN'T... DID SHE?
HAND OVER THE STAMPS! THIS IS A RAID!
FEENDISH PONG!
PHEW! WHAT A PONG!
OOER! THE BANDAGE ON ME POOR, SORE TOOTSIES - IT'S COME UNDONE!
? ?
HOW DARE YOU WAVE THAT SMELLY OLD SOCK ALL OVER THE PLACE?
STOP DANCING AROUND WHILE WE'RE TALKING TO YOU!
HELP! IT'S TRIPPED ME UP!
THE SILLY MAN'S KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT!
DARN IT! PHEW!
SO, INSTEAD OF FINISHING UP NICKING STAMPS - OLD GRIMLY'S LICKING THEM!
I'LL DARN YOUR SOCK THIS TIME, BUT NEXT TIME SAY 'PLEASE' - AND WASH THEM FIRST!
GROAN!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group, 1965

Fantastic Four

"TO SAVE YOU, WHY, MUST I KILL YOU?

THE BATTLE YOU NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE!

THE EVIL **FRIGHTFUL FOUR** HAVE CAPTURED THE **THING** AND BRAIN-WASHED HIM INTO JOINING THEM. THE REST OF THE FANTASTIC FOUR, HAVING FREED THEMSELVES FROM THE TRAPS OF THEIR OPPONENTS, ARE NOW FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES... BUT THE THING HAS ALREADY GOT THE BETTER OF REED RICHARDS, AND STUFFED HIM INTO A **METAL JAR!**

AND I'LL MAKE **SURE** HE DON'T POP HIS CORK AND GET **OUTTA** THERE! HE'S IN TA **STAY** NOW!

WHOOM!

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO **ELSE** BUSTED OUTTA HIS CAGE! THE BRAT HIM-SELF!

STAY BACK, BEN! I DON'T WANNA **HURT** YOU!

DON'T **WORRY**, PUNK... YA **WON'T!**

IF ONLY HE HADN'T POPPED UP **NOW!** I WAS JUST STARTING TO MELT THOSE PASTE PILLARS!

JOHNNY, WHAT'LL WE **DO?** WE'VE GOT TO FIND **REED!** WHAT'S **HAPPENED** TO HIM?

I DON'T KNOW, SIS! JUST SHUT YOUR EYES FOR A SEC, AND I'LL FIX IT SO YOU CAN DROP THAT FORCE FIELD AROUND MEDUSA!

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING THE TORCH CREATES A BLINDING SEMI-**SUNBURST**, CATCHING HIS ENEMIES COMPLETELY OFF-GUARD!

WHAT'S **THAT?** WHAT **HAPPENED??**

THE TORCH **TRICKED** US!

MY **EYES!** I CAN'T **SEE!**

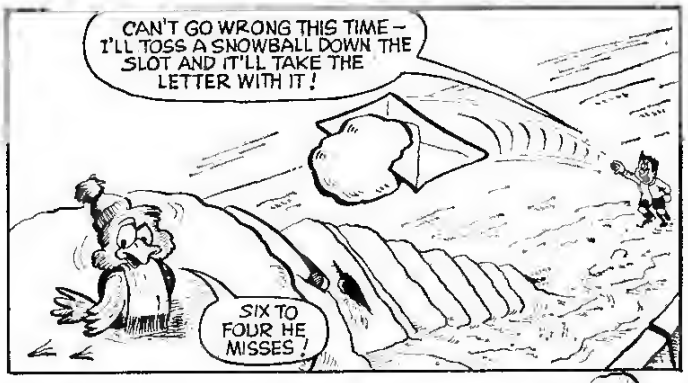
OKAY, SIS... LET'S GET **GOIN'** BEFORE THEY RECOVER!

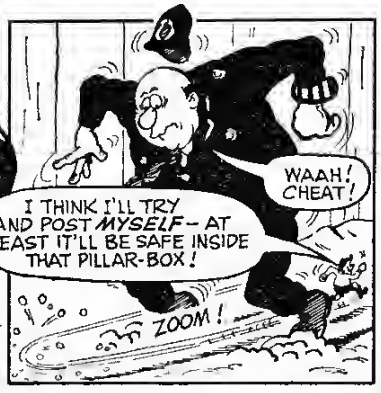
NOT SO **FAST,** TORCH!!

TRAPSTER! AND MEDUSA! WHY AREN'T YOU TWO TEMPORARILY BLINDED?
I HEARD YOUR WHISPERED WARNING TO YOUR SISTER, SO I SHUT MY EYES, TOO... AS DID THE TRAPSTER!
AND, THOUGH HE IS TRAPPED WITH HIS OWN PASTE WHICH BOUNCED BACK AT HIM BEFORE.. I AM FREE AGAIN, AS YOU CAN SEE!
AND, EVEN AS MEDUSA SPEAKS, HER UNCANNY HAIR SILENTLY SOAKS ITSELF UNDER A TAP IN THE NEARBY UTILITY ROOM...!
YOU MAY BE FREE, LADY... BUT THERE'S NO WAY YOUR HAIR CAN AFFECT MY FLAME!
ARE YOU QUITE CERTAIN?
SORRY, LADY. CAN'T WASTE ANY MORE TIME JAWING WITH YOU! I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
WELL, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, YOUNG MAN...!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THEM!
SPLAT!
OH! NO!
SHE MANAGED TO SOAK HER HAIR!! IT'S PUTTING MY FLAME OUT!
YOU COULDN'T'VE DONE THAT IF MY FLAME WASN'T GROWING WEAK ANYWAY...!
THE REASON DOES NOT INTEREST ME! SUFFICE IT TO SAY, I'VE GOT YOU!
WHUFFF!
RELAX, LONGHAIR! I GOT 'IM NOW! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE 'IM!
DON'T "BEN, DON'T" ME, SQUIRT!
BEN! DON'T!! LET GO...!
AH! WE CAN SEE AGAIN!
FOR A PUNK KID LIKE YOU, I'LL ONLY HAVETA USE ONE FINGER...
...TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET IN ANYONE'S HAIR AGAIN!
THIK!
GOOD WORK, THING! I'LL NOW MAKE CERTAIN THAT HE NEVER INTERFERES WITH US AGAIN!
GIVE HIM TO ME WHILE SANDMAN FINDS SUE RICHARDS
HE'S ALL YOURS, PAL!
I'LL FIND HER! SHE WON'T GET AWAY!
MEANWHILE RESORTING TO HER INVISIBLE FORM, SUE RICHARDS DESPERATELY SEARCHES FOR THE MAN SHE LOVES...
I'VE GOT TO FIND REED, NO MATTER WHAT! IF... IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM...!
BUT NO, I MUSTN'T EVEN THINK THAT WAY!! NOT ABOUT THE MAN WHO I MARRIED!
IT'S A JAR... BOUNCING AROUND THE ROOM!
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! UNLESS... UNLESS THERE'S SOMETHING ALIVE INSIDE!
I HEAR SOMETHING FROM INSIDE... LIKE.. A MUFFLED VOICE!!
THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER... MY SEARCH IS FINALLY OVER!

I HEAR VOICES! THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME NOW!
I'LL TURN INVISIBLE AGAIN AND LEAVE THROUGH THIS WINDOW! I MUST HAVE TIME TO THINK!
MEANWHILE, JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY..
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, THING! GET THIS PASTE OFF ME!
DON'T GET YOUR JAWS IN AN UPROAR, SONNY!
HEY! WHAT'S HOLDIN' THE TORCH UP, WIZ?
I'VE FASTENED AN ANTI-GRAV DISC TO HIS BELT... TO MAKE HIM EASIER TO HANDLE!
THING! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVETA TELL YOU TO GET THIS PASTE OFF ME?!!
YOU TOLD ME ENOUGH, BIG MOUTH...!
...IN FACT, Y' TOLD ME TOO MUCH!
YOU WERE TOO ROUGH WITH HIM, THING!
SO WHAT? I GOT THE PASTE OFF HIM, DIDN'T I?
HE'LL WAKE UP SOONER OR LATER!
MMM... SO LONG AS HE IS UNDER MY CONTROL, THE THING IS A POWERFUL ADDITION TO OUR LITTLE FORCE!
WHY NOT PUT THE TORCH UNDER YOUR ID MACHINE, ALSO? THEN WE'LL HAVE BOTH OF THEM SERVING US!
A MOST INTERESTING THOUGHT, MY DEAR MEDUSA!
I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE NOT DISTURBED IN THERE!
COME ALONG, TORCH! WHEN YOU AWAKEN, YOU TOO WILL BE MY HAPLESS SERVANT!
NEVER A DULL MOMENT AROUND HERE, HUH, BABY?
OKAY, TRAPSTER... NAP TIME'S OVER! C'MON AND JOIN THE PARTY!
I HAVE NEVER KNOWN ANYONE LIKE YOU BEFORE!
NATCHERLY! THERE AIN'T ANYONE LIKE ME!
AN' IF THERE WAS, I'D CLOBBER 'IM!
LISTEN, YOU LUMPY GARGOYLE... STAY AWAY FROM MEDUSA! I'M WARNIN' YA!
:TSK! I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE SQUIRTIN' SAND ON MY SEE-GAR!
SANOMAN!! WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT IS IT?
DON'T YOU GET IT, LADY? HE'S JEALOUS OF YOU'N ME! BUT HE WON'T BE JEALOUS LONG...
...HE'LL BE TOO BUSY PICKIN' HIMSELF UP FROM ALL OVER THE LANDSCAPE!
STOP IT!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME!!
ARE THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR GOING TO START FIGHTING AMONGST THEMSELVES? AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE TORCH? FIND OUT—NEXT WEEK!

SAMMY SHRINK





BRIAN'S BRAIN

SINISTER ENEMIES AT THE CIRCUS WHERE BRIAN IS STAYING ARE CLOSING IN ON HIM. HIS FRIEND, DUFFY, HAS BEEN SNATCHED AWAY AND SO HAS BRIAN'S LOYAL ALLY, THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN....

MATCHLESS CIRCUS

STOP!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO QUARRYMAN'S POINT AND SOMEHOW SAVE DUFFY FROM *GREY SHADOW!*

GIVE YOURSELF UP, BRIAN KINGSLEY! I WARN YOU— YOU'VE HAD YOUR LAST CHANCE!

THAT FAKE WESTERN STAR, BUSTER, IS *BLUFFING!* HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE I AM. I'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES AND THEN LOSE HIM.

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

OH, MY GOSH, IT'S *GREY SHADOW* GETTING OUT OF ONE OF THE CIRCUS TRUCKS! HE'S SEEN ME!

GET UP, BOY, AND *COME HERE!*

THERE'S YOUR FRIEND DUFFY! YOU GET HIM BACK UNHARMED WHEN I GET THE *DEFENCE PLAN!* SO HE'LL HAVE NO MERCY IF HE FINDS OUT THE PLAN HAS BEEN *DESTROYED*... WHAT CAN I TELL HIM?

HAND IT OVER!

AT THAT MOMENT—

AN AMBUSH!

IT MUST BE BUSTER! I DIDN'T SHAKE HIM OFF MY TRAIL!

GREY SHADOW'S GUN SPITS FLAME

BUSTER'S DUELLING IT OUT WITH GREY SHADOW! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET TO DUFFY.

THANK GOODNESS IT'S YOU! GET ME UNTIED, BRIAN— YOU CAN'T DRIVE THIS TRUCK AWAY!

WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THIS *SHOOTING* I'VE MANAGED TO START THE ENGINE, DUFFY!

WHAT THE HECK IS *THAT THING* STEPPING INTO THE ROAD?

IT'S *OUT OF CONTROL, BRIAN!*

OH, CRUMBS, I— *I CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE!*

IT'S *RADARIAN!* THE GIANT ROBOT FROM THE FAIRGROUND—WE'LL RUN FULL TILT INTO IT!

BRIAN SWINGS THE WHEEL WILDLY—
WE'RE GOING INTO THE QUARRY WATER!

THE LORRY PLUNGES INTO EERIE SILENCE...
DUFFY'S STUCK! HE'LL DROWN IF I CAN'T PULL HIM OUT. BUT I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER!

SUDDENLY—
THE ROBOT'S REACHED THROUGH THE WATER TO TEAR THE ROOF OFF THE DRIVING-CAB— IT'S MANAGED TO FREE DUFFY!

RADARIAN'S SAVED US, DUFFY! THE BRAIN MUST HAVE MADE HIM DO THIS. THE MYSTERIOUS GLOW IS COMING FROM THE ROBOT'S HELMET!
YOU SPEAK TRULY, BRIAN! GET DUFFY ASHORE AND UNTIE HIM!

QUICKLY BRIAN FREES HIS FRIEND.
BEHOLD! THE SIDESHOW MANAGER HID ME IN THIS ROBOT. SO NOW I HAVE A STEEL BODY, POWERED BY ELECTRONICS!
GEE, BRAIN! YOU'D SCARE THE BOOTS OFF ANYONE WHO HADN'T SEEN YOU BEFORE!

YOU MUST BOTH RETURN TO THE CIRCUS! THE VITAL PLAN MUST BE SAVED!
BUT THE PLAN IS GONE, BRAIN! BURNED TO ASHES!

IT IS NOT GONE! IT'S STORED IN MY MEMORY CELLS. I CAN RE-WRITE THE WHOLE THING!
I'M CERTAIN WE'RE BEING WATCHED!

SUDDENLY—
CLICK!
I'VE HOOKED RADARIAN'S SWITCH AND TURNED OFF THE ELECTRIC POWER!

WHAT HAVE THEY DONE, BRAIN?
SAVE YER BREATH, SON! NOW THAT THERE ROBOT IS SWITCHED OFF IT'S JUST A DEAD MASS OF STEEL AND WIRES!

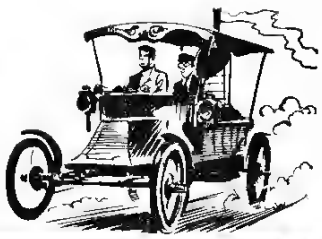
BRIAN AND DUFFY ARE GRABBED.
IT'S "PORKY" BARRETT, MANAGER OF THE RADARIAN SHOW!
AND YOU'RE THE YOUNG VARMINT WHO SO BADLY WANTS THAT SKULL-MASCOT I HEARD YOU CALL THE BRAIN. I RECKON IT MUST HIDE A VALUABLE SECRET!

MAYBE THERE'S PRICELESS JEWELS IN THAT THERE BRAIN-MASCOT. I'M GONNA SMASH IT AND SEE!
NO!
IS THIS THE END OF THE BRAIN? SEE NEXT WEEK'S SMASH!

Bunsen's Burner

DUSTY

BEN



IN HIS WILL, AN ECCENTRIC UNCLE HAD LEFT BEN BUNSEN A FORTUNE.. PROVIDED HE WAS ABLE TO JOURNEY A TEMPERAMENTAL OLD TIN CAN OF A STEAM-DRIVEN CAR *AROUND THE WORLD*. BECAUSE BEN COULDN'T EVEN DRIVE, RALLY DRIVER *DUSTY MYLES* AGREED TO GO ALONG AND HANDLE BUNSEN'S BURNER... BUT HE HADN'T REALISED JUST *HOW MUCH* TROUBLE WAS IN STORE FOR THEM BOTH...

WITH DUSTY AT THE WHEEL, *THE BURNER* TRUNDLED HAPPILY ON HER WAY TO A CROSS-CHANNEL PORT...

SHE DOESN'T GO VERY FAST, DOES SHE, DUSTY? IT'LL TAKE US AT LEAST TWO DAYS TO GET TO THE CAR-FERRY!

IF WE EVER GET THERE! WE NEARLY GOT OURSELVES KILLED ON THAT *OIL-COVERED ROAD* BACK THERE, BEN!

I KNOW, DUSTY! I'M SORRY I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT COUSIN NICHOLAS INHERITING UNCLE'S ESTATE IF WE FAIL THIS ROUND-THE-WORLD TEST...

AND YOU DIDN'T TELL ME NICHOLAS IS THE TYPE WHO'LL *STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THE MONEY*, EITHER!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BEN'S RASCALLY RELATIVE WAS PLOTTING HIS NEXT MOVE AGAINST *THE BURNER* AND HER NEW MASTERS...

PUTTING OIL ON THE ROAD DIDN'T STOP THEM! SO WE'LL CARRY OUT *PLAN TWO!*

DON'T WORRY, BOSS! THIS TIME *NOTHING* CAN GO WRONG!

SO SUDDENLY, TWO STEAMY MILES FARTHER ON...

LOOK OUT, DUSTY! ***BRAAAAKE!***

OF ALL THE STUPID THINGS TO DO! AND RIGHT ON A BEND, TOO!

BUT IT WAS NO CARELESS FARMHAND ON THE SEAT OF THE HAYWAGON...

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, GENTS! CLIMB DOWN OUT OF THE BONE-SHAKER... AND DON'T THINK I WON'T *USE* THIS IF YOU TRY ANY FUNNY STUFF!

OH DEAR! SOMEHOW I GET THE NOTION THIS IS MORE OF *COUSIN NICHOLAS'S* WORK!

TIE THE BIG FELLER UP, CHUM... BUT NO NEED TO BOTHER ABOUT *THIS* LITTLE SQUIRT! *HE* WON'T GIVE US ANY TROUBLE!

WHA-WHAT ARE YOU...GO-GOING TO DO?

ONCE DUSTY'S HANDS WERE SAFELY TIED...

DO? I'M GOING TO *WORK OVER* THIS MOBILE SCRAPHEAP... *WITH THIS!*

THERE GOES BEN'S FORTUNE! WITHOUT *THE BURNER* HE WON'T INHERIT A PENNY!

THE CLANG OF THE SPANNER ON THE VINTAGE STEAM CAR SOUNDED ALMOST LIKE A SCREECH OF PAIN *AND RAGE...*

ANOTHER COUPLE OF WHACKS LIKE THAT AND POOR OLD STEAMY WILL COME APART!

DDAAWWNNGG!

BUT THE SECOND BLOW NEVER LANDED. A JET OF STEAM SLAMMED THE THUG BACKWARDS!

EEEEEEF-AAAAAAA!

THE BURNER'S BLOWN ITS SAFETY PRESSURE VALVE!

GAAAAA! I CAN'T SEE!
QUICK, BEN! CLIMB ABOARD AND TAKE THE WHEEL!
GUUUMPH!
BEN KNEW JUST ENOUGH ABOUT CARS TO SLAM THE BURNER INTO GEAR THEN
GIVE HER FULL THROTTLE! WE MUST TRY TO MAKE IT TO A VILLAGE... BEFORE THEY CATCH US UP!
BUT, DUSTY... I-I'VE NEVER STEERED ANYTHING IN MY LIFE... SINCE I GOT TOO BIG FOR MY TRICYCLE!
SOMEHOW THE BURNER GRAZED PAST THE ROAD-BLOCKING CART... BUT NOT BECAUSE OF ANY HELP FROM BEN BUNSEN!
EEEEEE! WE - WE'LL CRAAASH!
WE WILL IF YOU DON'T OPEN YOUR EYES, YOU CLOT! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO LOOK WHERE YOU'RE DRIVING!
DUSTY, WHEN WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE OVER?
JUST AS SOON AS I GET THIS DARNED ROPE OFF MY... OH HECK... THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!
AHEAD OF THEM, COUSIN NICHOLAS SCOWLED BLACKLY...
THOSE BLUNDERHEADS! WHAT WENT WRONG THIS TIME?
DUSTY! LOOK AT THAT BEND! I...I'LL NEVER GET ROUND IT!
FRANTICALLY, BEN SWUNG THE WHEEL
OOOOO! I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOOK!
DON'T SHUT YOUR... OH, YOU TWIT! YOU'VE STARTED HER TAIL SKIDDING NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!
WHAAACK!
YYAAAAHHH!
LOOK OUT! IT'S FALLING RIGHT ON TOP OF US... UUUUUH!
I'VE GOT MY HANDS FREE! MOVE OVER, FOR PETE'S SAKE AND GIVE ME THE WHEEL!
THE BURNER'S REAR END SWIPE WAS MORE THAN THE ANCIENT ABANDONED COTTAGE COULD TAKE. IT COLLAPSED ON THE THUGS' CAR
I... I CAN'T SEE ANYONE FOLLOWING US, DUSTY!
I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES! WE'LL KEEP GOING WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD!
BEHIND THEM...
BOSS... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE KEEP AFTER THEM, THAT'S WHAT! THEY'VE GOT TWO HUNDRED MILES TO GO BEFORE THEY REACH THE COAST. THEIR CURSED LUCK HAS GOT TO RUN OUT... SOME TIME!
NEXT WEEK BEN, DUSTY AND THE BURNER GET ALL STEAMED UP WHEN THEY RUN INTO TRAIN TROUBLE!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, FRANTIC ONES, THIS IS ANOTHER WAY OUT ADVENTURE OF EVERYBODY'S FAVOURITE CAPED CRIME CRUSHER...

THE CLOAK

THAT'S ME, FOLKS!

HERE IS A PERFECTLY PEACEFUL COUNTRY LANE..

...UNTIL THE SOUND OF AN APPROACHING VEHICLE SHATTERS THE SILENCE...

RRRRR!

THE NOISE FROM THE ENGINE GRADUALLY GROWS LOUDER...

VROOOM!!

...AND LOUDER...

VAVAAM!

...AND-OUCH!-OUR EARDRUMS ARE SPLITTING!

VROOM!

HAHAHEE HONK HONK GRUNT!

VA-ROOOM!

...AND SO ENTERS OUR LATEST VILLAIN, THE HORRIBLE HOT-ROD HOOD KNOWN ONLY AS...

The ROAD HOG!

VROOOM!

HEE! HEE! TIME FOR A FEW GALLONS OF PETROL! THE OLD TANK IS NEARLY DRY!

GAZ

OPEN

99% TAX

SCREEEECH!

AWRIGHT, BUSTER! I'LL HAVE A FEW FREE GALLONS, PLEASE!

ERK! YESSIR! AT ONCE, SIR! GULP!

LATER...

OKAY! IT'S FULL! NOW SCRAM WHILE I ROAR OUT OF THIS CRUMMY DUMP!

IDIOT OF THE WEEK

I'M GOING! I'M GOING!

HOLD IT! YOU PASSED ME A MILE BACK DOING OVER A HUNDRED! WHERE'S THE FIRE?

I'LL SHOW YOU, COPPER!

NATIONAL JELLY WEEK.

HERE'S YOUR FIRE!

VROOOM!

HEAD FOR THE HILLS!

ASK A SILLY QUESTION AND YOU GET A SILLY ANSWER!

I CERTAINLY CLOBBERED THAT CRAZY COPPER! NOW I RECKON I'LL PICK UP A BIT OF LOOT! I FANCY GOING ON A SPENDING SPREE!

WAAAAAA!

JUST DOWN THE ROAD A LOT OF MONEY IS BEING DELIVERED TO A BANK BY SAFELOOT LTD., THE SECURITY FIRM...

THIS IS OUR LAST DELIVERY TODAY, SID! I'LL BE GLAD TO GET HOME!

ME TOO! I ALWAYS FEEL NERVOUS WHEN WE'RE CARRYING A LARGE AMOUNT OF CASH!

AH, LOVELY LOLLY! THIS KNOCKOUT GAS SHOULD PUT THOSE TWO MUGS OUT OF ACTION!

COUCH!

SPLUTTER!

HEE! HEE! MY MASK PROTECTS ME FROM THE GAS! WHEN THOSE IDIOTS WAKE UP, I'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM HERE!

GOODYEAR

VROOOOM!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

OKAY, YOU CROOK! PULL IN TO THE SIDE! WE'VE CAUGHT YOU RED HANDED WITH THE LOOT!

YOU'VE GOT A VERY FROSTY LOOK ON YOUR FACE...

POLICE

SPLOSH!

ERK!

BLUB!

LET ME DE-FROST YOU WITH A GOOD DOSE FROM MY ANTI-FREEZE GUN!

YOU HAVE PASSED "GO"—COLLECT £200.

HEE! HEE! HEE!

BLUB! CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING! WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!

SCREEEE!

CRUNCH!

WE GIVE UP!

MIK

CALLING HEADQUARTERS! I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST THE ROAD HOG! HE-ER- DITCHED US!

WHILE THE POLICE SORT THEMSELVES OUT, LET'S FOLLOW THE ROAD HOG AS HE ROARS ALONG HIS EVIL WAY...

VOOM!

GRUNT! GRUNT! RECKON I'LL HEAD FOR LONDON AND LIVE IT UP A BIT!

GRUNT! WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME... AND THEY'RE GOING AS FAST AS I AM! THAT COULD ONLY MEAN ONE THING - IT'S THE CLOAK IN HIS CLOAKSTER!

SPACE TO LET

HEARD THE POLICE MESSAGES OVER THE RADIO. RECKON I'LL HAVE TO TRY AND CATCH HIM! THEIR CARS AREN'T FAST ENOUGH!

SO THE FAMOUS CLOAK WANTS A RACE, DOES HE? IT'LL BE THE LAST THING HE EVER DOES! HEH! HEH!

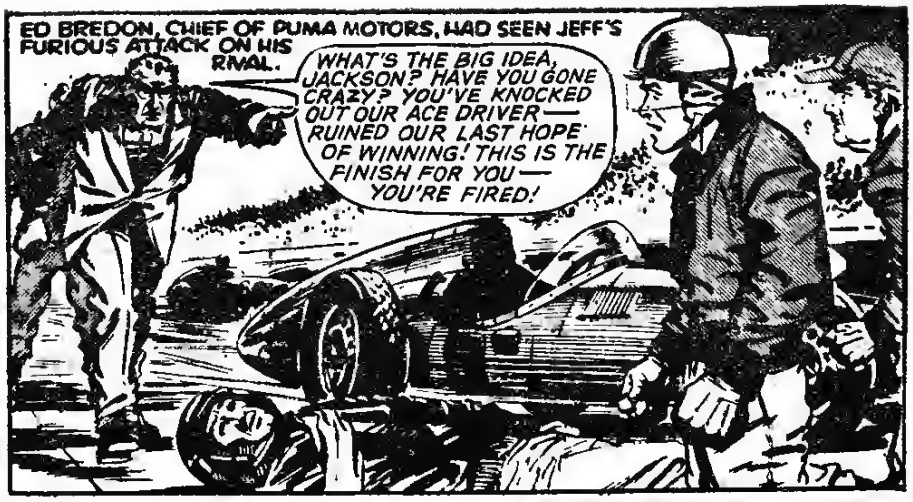
VROOM!

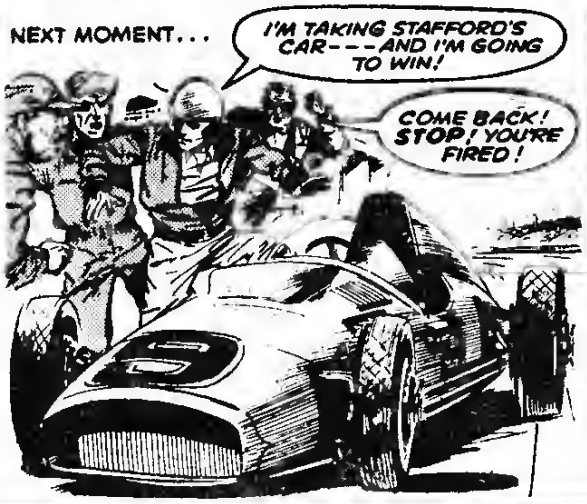
ROAR!

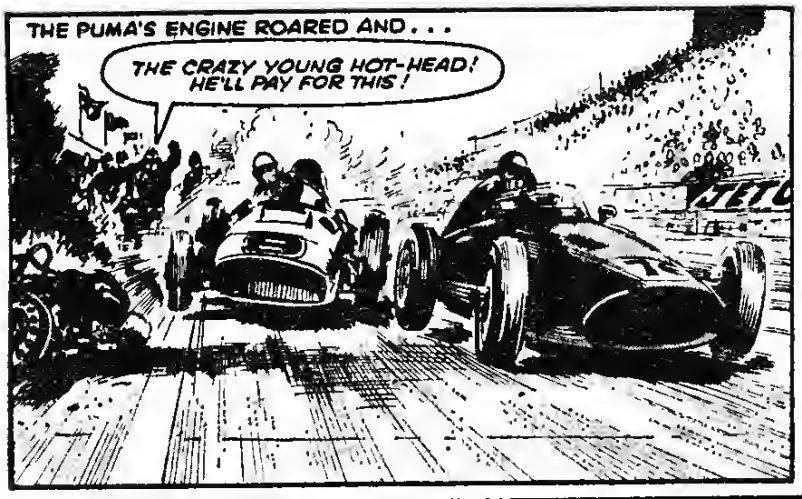
THE CLOAKSTER AND THE HOT-ROD CONTINUE THEIR RIP-ROARING RACE IN NEXT WEEK'S SMASH-HIT SMASH! DON'T MISS IT!

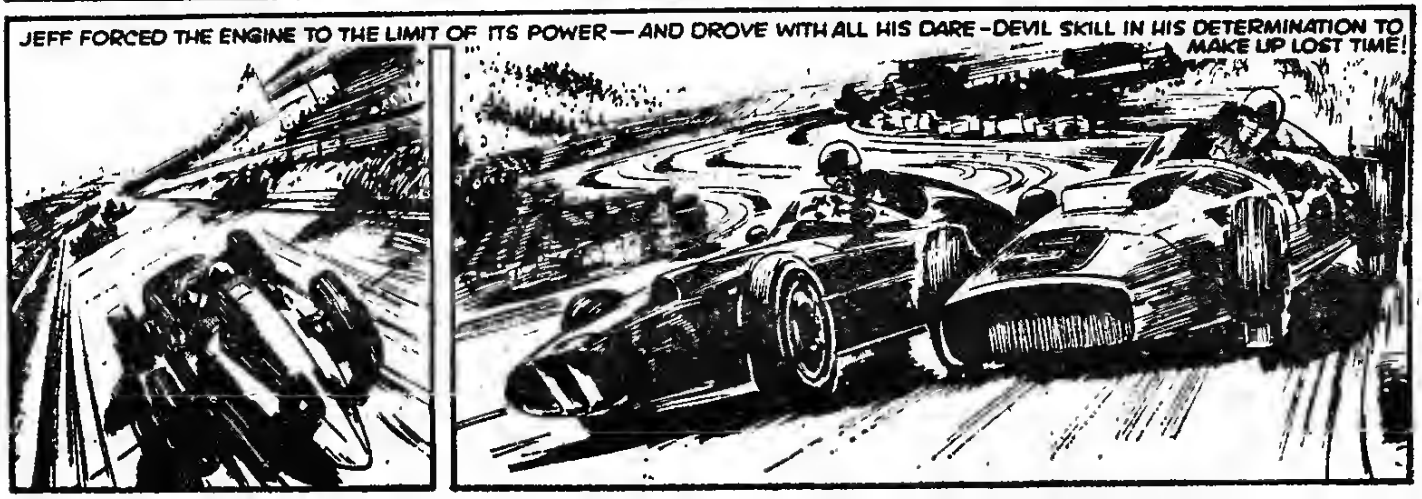
DESTINATION DANGER

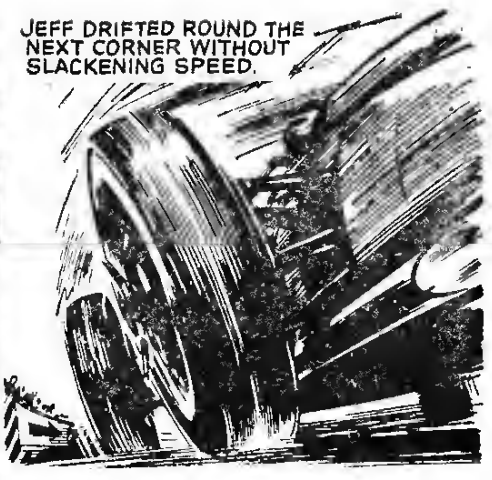
JEFF JACKSON, A YOUNG ENGLISH RACING MOTORIST IN THE U.S.A., WAS DRIVING FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE ANZON DERBY RACE JUST BEFORE THE START HE DISCOVERED THAT VIC STAFFORD, PUMA'S ACE DRIVER, WAS IN LEAGUE WITH NERO AUTOS, AN UNSCRUPULOUS RIVAL FIRM. DURING THE RACE, JEFF'S PUMA CAUGHT FIRE AND HAD TO BE ABANODNED. THEN, WHEN STAFFORD DROVE INTO THE PITS FOR A WHEEL CHANGE, JEFF ACCUSED HIM OF TREACHERY AND ANGRILY KNOCKED HIM OUT.


ED BREDON, CHIEF OF PUMA MOTORS, HAD SEEN JEFF'S FURIOUS ATTACK ON HIS RIVAL.
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, JACKSON? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? YOU'VE KNOCKED OUT OUR ACE DRIVER— RUINED OUR LAST HOPE OF WINNING! THIS IS THE FINISH FOR YOU— YOU'RE FIRED!





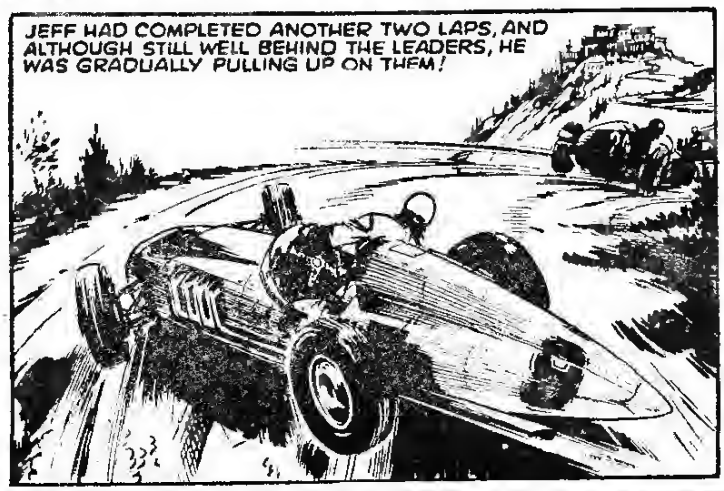

JEFF FORCED THE ENGINE TO THE LIMIT OF ITS POWER— AND DROVE WITH ALL HIS DARE-DEVIL SKILL IN HIS DETERMINATION TO MAKE UP LOST TIME!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE PUMA PITS - - - -
IS STAFFORD COMING ROUND YET? MEBBE I CAN GET SOME SENSE FROM HIM NO-ONE ELSE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

FLOYD HALEY, JEFF'S MECCO PAL, LOOKED UP---
JEFF WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT A VERY GOOD REASON, MR. BREDON. IF HE CALLED STAFFORD A TRAITOR, I'M DEAD SURE HE HAS EVIDENCE TO PROVE SUCH AN ACCUSATION!

I DON'T GIVE A HOOT WHAT YOU THINK, HALEY! JACKSON'S COST US THE RACE! HE SLAMS THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BROUGHT OFF A WIN. BUT HE HASN'T AN EARTHLY CHANCE HIMSELF! SIGNAL HIM INTO THE PITS!



NOW JEFF FLASHED TOWARDS THE PUMA PITS---
IF I HOLD THIS SPEED, I CAN TAKE THE LEAD! THERE ARE STILL FORTY LAPS TO GO AND— HALLO, WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE PITS?

FLOYD HALEY WAS RUNNING ON TO THE TRACK —
IF JEFF DISOBEYS THIS ORDER, HE'LL BE FINISHED! THE BOSS WILL GET HIM BANNED FROM EVERY TRACK IN AMERICA!
PUMA MT 2
COME IN 9

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE —— TERROR ON THE TRACK!

ISLE of the HUNTED!

YOUR SMASH! SHORT STORY

JIM MACEY, SKIPPER OF THE SCHOONER LADY JANE AND HIS CREWMATE TINY MORGAN ARE RETURNING TO PORT AFTER A PEARL-FISHING EXPEDITION WHEN---
GET THAT SAIL DOWN, TINY! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HEADING FOR A TYPHOON!
OKAY, JIM -- BUT KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED... THERE ARE DANGEROUS REEFS IN THESE WATERS!

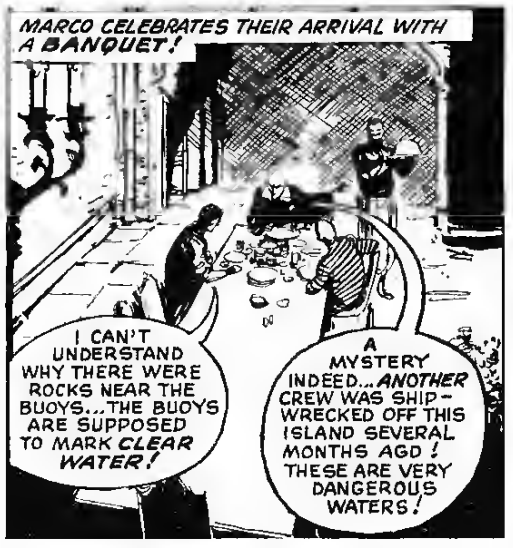
BUT TINY'S WARNING COMES TOO LATE!
WE'VE STRUCK THE REEF, JIM! THE LADY JANE'S BEGINNING TO BREAK UP!
BUT THAT REEF SHOULDN'T BE HERE! THAT BUOY'S ONLY FIFTY YARDS AWAY!

FROM THE BEACH A NARROW PATH LEADS THROUGH A SWAMPY JUNGLE.
I DON'T RECKON A MAN WOULD LAST LONG IN THAT SWAMP!
THANK THE STARS THIS PATH IS EASILY SEEN!

NEITHER EXPECT THE FANTASTIC SIGHT WHICH SUDDENLY CONFRONTS THEM!
AS THEY APPROACH THE WEIRD BUILDING, THE HEAVY OAK DOOR CREAKS OPEN.....
YE GODS! WE'VE STUMBLED ACROSS DRACULA'S PRIVATE RESIDENCE!
COME -- THE MASTER AWAITS YOU!

THEY ARE SHOWN INTO A ROOM CRAMMED WITH HUNTING TROPHIES.
WHAT PUZZLES ME IS HOW WE WERE EXPECTED... HOW COULD ANYONE HAVE KNOWN WE WERE HERE?

SUDDENLY....
WHO THE...?
IT IS DRACULA HIMSELF!... OR HIS TWIN BROTHER!
WELCOME, GENTLEMEN! I AM MARCO, OWNER OF SWAMP ISLAND! IT IS MONTHS SINCE I HAD VISITORS POSSESSED OF MY OWN INTELLIGENCE.


MARCO CELEBRATES THEIR ARRIVAL WITH A BANQUET!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THERE WERE ROCKS NEAR THE BUOYS... THE BUOYS ARE SUPPOSED TO MARK CLEAR WATER!
A MYSTERY INDEED... ANOTHER CREW WAS SHIP-WRECKED OFF THIS ISLAND SEVERAL MONTHS AGO! THESE ARE VERY DANGEROUS WATERS!

TONIGHT YOU MUST REST. TOMORROW WE SHALL SEE WHAT REMAINS OF YOUR SCHOONER. SLEEP WELL, GENTLEMEN!
THE HUGE NEGRO LEADS THEM ALONG AN EERIE GALLERY...
THIS IS YOUR ROOM. YOU WILL FIND ALL YOU NEED INSIDE.
THANKS... WE'LL MANAGE FINE!
THEIR BEDROOM IS AS EERIE AS THE REST OF THE STRANGE HOUSE...
HEY, JIM-- LOOK!
I'VE STAYED IN SOME ODD PLACES IN MY TIME... BUT THIS...
IT'S A SHIP'S LOG... KEPT BY A CAPTAIN JANSEN...
THERE'S SOMETHING VERY ODD GOING ON IN THIS HOUSE, AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT! COME ON, TINY, WE'RE GOING EXPLORING!
AND THE LAST ENTRY IS DATED ONLY TEN DAYS AGO... YET MARCO SAID WE WERE THE FIRST VISITORS FOR MONTHS!
MOVING SILENTLY, THE TWO CREWMATES DISCOVER SOME STONE STEPS LEADING FROM A DOOR IN A DOWNSTAIRS CORRIDOR...
THEY MUST GO DOWN TO THE CELLARS!
MORE LIKE DUNGEONS, IF YOU ASK ME!
IN THE CELLARS AN AWESOME SIGHT GREETS THEM---
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! A BLACK PANTHER!
SUDDENLY...
MARCO..!
AH, I SEE YOU'VE AQUAINTED YOURSELVES WITH MY PET, ZETA. I WAS SAVING YOU TILL LATER, BUT SINCE CAPTAIN JANSEN WAS SUCH AN EASY PREY.. I FEEL IN NEED OF MORE SPORT!
MARCO EXPLAINS HIS FIENDISH PLOT!
I HAD THE BUOY MOVED SO THAT YOUR SCHOONER WOULD STRIKE THE ROCKS... NOW YOU SHALL BE MY PREY.. A FIFTEEN-MINUTE START, THEN I SHALL BEGIN HUNTING YOU DOWN--AND I SHALL SHOOT TO KILL!
HE'S AS MAD AS A HATTER... BUT HE MEANS WHAT HE SAYS!
GOOD LUCK, MY FRIENDS! LET US HOPE YOU ARE MORE WORTHY ADVERSARIES THAN CAPTAIN JANSEN!
KEEP TO THE PATH, TINY! THE REST OF THE ISLAND IS A SWAMP!
JIM HAD BEEN A JUNGLE GUERRILLA FIGHTER DURING THE WAR...
MAKE SURE THE POINT IS REALLY SHARP, TINY!
JIM! HOW CAN THIS HELP US? OUR FIFTEEN MINUTES WAS UP AGES AGO!

HAROLY HAVE THE WORDS LEFT TINY'S MOUTH WHEN A SNARLING BLACK SHAPE LEAPS AT THE STARTLED MEN....
AAGH! WE'RE TOO LATE!
DON'T PANIC, TINY! HOLD THE POLE!
WE'VE DONE IT! THAT'S WHAT THE POLE WAS FOR!
AND THEN THE REASON FOR THE SHARPENED POLE BECOMES LETHALLY CLEAR.
UGH! IT'S LEAPT STRAIGHT ON TO IT!
HA, HA! THEY HAVE DISPOSED OF ZETA... THEY ARE INDEED WORTHY FOES!
THEN AS JIM AND TINY RACE THROUGH THE SWAMPY WASTE, TINY LOSES HIS FOOTING.
UGH! GET ME OUT OF HERE, JIM!
THANKS, JIM-- WITHOUT YOU I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER! THAT SWAMP WAS LIKE GLUE... SUCKING ME UNDER!
IT'S A KILLER SWAMP, ALL RIGHT... BUT IT'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
THE TWO FUGITIVES HAVE SCANT, PRECIOUS MINUTES IN WHICH TO PUT JIM'S PLAN INTO ACTION. AND THEY HAVE BARELY FINISHED, WHEN...
COME-- STRAIGHT AHEAD! THEY CANNOT BE FAR AWAY!
I ONLY HOPE JIM'S RUSE WORKS!
BUT AS THE TWO HUNTERS RUN FORWARD, THE 'PATH' SUDDENLY BECOMES PART OF THE OOZY BLACK MUD!
AAAARGH! THE SWAMP! THEY'VE TRICKED US..!
THE VERY SWAMP WHICH HAD ONCE PROTECTED HIM, NOW BECOMES THE INSTRUMENT OF MARCO'S DESTRUCTION!
IT'S NO GOOD, TINY-- WE CAN'T HELP THEM NOW.., THEY'RE TOO FAR UNDER!
CAMOUFLAGING THE REAL PATH WITH MUD... AND PUTTING GRASS AND LEAVES ON THE SWAMP SO THAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE THE PATH..! NEVER THOUGHT THEY WOULD FALL FOR IT, JIM!
THE TWO CREWMATES FINALLY REACH THE SANDY BAY....
LOOK! OUR DINGHY HAS BEEN WASHED ASHORE!
IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG ROW HOME! BUT AT LEAST WE KNOW THAT NO LONGER WILL THAT FIEND MARCO PREY ON SHIPS' CREWS FOR HIS EVIL SPORT!
THE END

Percy's Pets
EEK!
CHEESE.
IT WUZ DELISHUS!
GRRR! PERCY'S MICE HAVE BEEN UP TO THEIR TRICKS AGAIN!
AND THAT MOGGY OF PERCY'S IS HOPELESS! IT PLAYS WITH THE BLINKING MICE!
HEH! HEH! THOSE MICE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT THEM! THIS BRUTE WILL HAVE THEM PACKING THEIR CASES AND LEAVING WITHIN THE HOUR!
PET SHOP
FOR SALE
AAGH! WHERE DID THAT BRUTE COME FROM? HELP! HELP!
PERCY'S DONE THE DIRTY ON .US! WAAH!
THAT'S BETTER! MUCH BETTER!
IT WASN'T ME, MARTY- IT WAS DAD! HONEST!
GRRR! WE'LL FIX THAT MOGGY! PERCY'S POPPED OFF TO THE PICTURES!
YEAH! ROTTEN COWARD!
COR! COD!! SLURP! SLURP!
FIRE!
THUMP!
SKERROWL!
GRRR! NOBODY DOES THAT TO ME! IT'LL BE A FLAT FISH BY THE TIME I'VE FINISHED WITH IT!
ACTION STATIONS, LADS! AERIAL ATTACK!
AAGH!
HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE WEIGHT FOR THE FISH SCALES!
GRR! I'LL GET THEM FOR THAT! BURBLE! BURBLE!
HEH-HEH! I'LL TOSS THIS OLD BANGER DOWN ITS CAKE-HOLE AND BLAST THEM OUT!
PREPARE TO REPEL FRESH ATTACK!
SWIPE!
AAGH! IT'S COMING BACK!
GLUG!
I-I-I'VE SWALLOWED IT!
LUCKY TWERP! IT WAS A DUD!
PHUT!
WAAH! LEMME OUT OF HERE! YOU CAN KEEP YOUR MICE! I DON'T WANT 'EM!
? ? ? ?
BAH! I GIVE UP!

AFTER BEING TRICKED INTO HELPING THE *RINGMASTER* TO STEAL THE ***GOLDEN BULL***, THOR HAS BEEN ARRESTED BY THE POLICE, AND THROWN IN JAIL. MEANWHILE, IN ASGARD, *LOKI* HAS RETURNED FROM EXILE, AND HAS CONCEIVED A DEADLY PLOT TO ***DESTROY*** THOR.....

MINUTES LATER--HALF A UNIVERSE AWAY--
WITH ALL THE DROP-OUTS IN TOWN THESE DAYS, THERE AINT NO MORE DIGNITY TO BEIN' A BUM--!
IF YA ASK ME, I-- HEY!
G-GET A LOAD'A THAT--!

AND, SPEAKING OF THAT PARTICULAR, CREST-FALLEN CHAP--
IF YOU'RE SO BLAMED STRONG, WHY DON'CHA JUST PUNCH YER WAY OUTTA HERE?
ALL MY LIFE HAVE I DEFENDED THE LAW-- OF BOTH ASGARD-- AND EARTH!
NOW, THOUGH I BE SORELY GRIEVED-- I CAN DO NO LESS!
HOW COME THEY LETCHA KEEP YER FANCY DUDS?
I DO NOT KNOW!

MEBBE YER JUST A PLANT--A STOOLIE--PUT IN HERE TO RAT ON US CONS.!
MORTAL, BE WARNED! I LOOK UPON THY WORDS WITH MOUNTING DISFAVOUR!
YOU LONG-HAIRED PHONY --I AINT FALLIN' FER THAT LINE!
2431L

VERILY, THOU HAST GONE TOO FAR!
THOUGH I HAVE NO DESIRE TO INFLICT BODILY HARM UPON A MERE MORTAL--
STILL MUST THOU BE TAUGHT A LESSON MOST MONUMENTAL!
THOR! I'VE GOT NEWS FOR-- HEY!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE??
HEY-- DON'T! LOOK OUT!-- LEGGO!

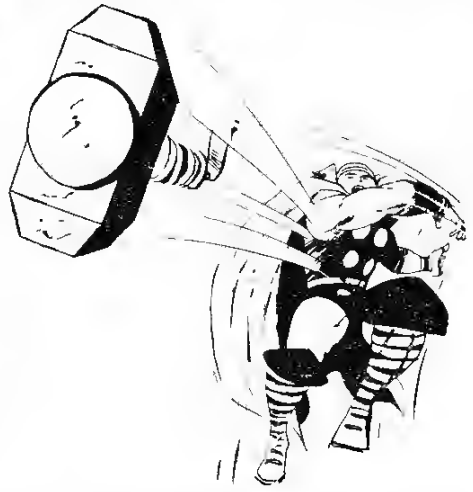
PUT 'IM DOWN, MISTER! I SAID PUT 'IM DOWN!
SO BE IT! 'TWAS ONLY MY DESIRE TO INFLICT A SCARE UPON YON BULLYING BRAGGART!
BUT, DIDST THOU NOT SPEAK OF NEWS?

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
SOMEONE'S JUST NOW POSTIN' YOUR BAIL!
BLESSED BE THE SAMARITAN-- WHATE'ER HIS NAME!

JUST SIGN THAT RELEASE ON THE DOTTED LINE, THOR, AND YOU'RE A FREE MAN!
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR HAMMER BACK, AS WELL!
I SHOULD LIKE TO THANK MY UNKNOWN BENEFACTOR!
EASY ENOUGH! HE'S WAITIN' RIGHT OUTSIDE!

IT WAS I WHO PAID YOUR BAIL!
BUT, IT IS NOT YOUR GRATITUDE I DESIRE!
WHAT THEN IS THY PURPOSE-- AND THY NAME?
I'VE GOT MY CAR OUTSIDE!
LET'S TALK ABOUT IT WHILE I DRIVE YOU AWAY FROM HERE!

SECONDS LATER--
THOUGH THOU HAST THE APPARENT SEEMING OF A STRANGER--STILL DO I FEEL WE HAVE MET IN THE PAST,!
THE PAST IS AS ENDLESS AS THE FUTURE,!
MANY ARE THE THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE THEN TRANSPIRED!



THY VOICE! THE SINISTER ASPECT OF THY BEARING!
THEY CAN ONLY BELONG TO ONE--TO ONE WHOM I HAD THOUGHT LONG SINCE BANISHED BY IMPERIAL ODIN!
AND YET--!

I MUST BEHOLD THINE EYES--
FOR 'TIS THERE I SHALL FIND--
ENOUGH!! THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT!
TRULY ART THOU-- LOKI!!
I HAD HOPED TO TOY WITH THEE YET A LITTLE LONGER--!
BUT, NO MATTER! NOW THE DIE IS CAST!

LOOK!! THAT CAR--IT'S FADING AWAY-- RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!
AND, FROM WHERE IT STOOD--TWO FIGURES-- BEGINNING TO EMERGE-- SLOWLY TAKING FORM--!

THY STRENGTH AGAINST MY STRENGTH AT LAST, THUNDER GOD!
DEPRIVED OF MY POWER--I AM THUNDER GOD NO MORE!
RELYING UPON BRUTE STRENGTH ALONE--I CAN BE NO MATCH FOR THE BLUDGEONING MASTER OF EVIL!

FOR COUNTLESS AGES HAVE I LONGED FOR THIS MOMENTOUS MOMENT .. THIS INSTANT WHICH SHALL HERALD THY TOTAL DEFEAT!
THIS CANNOT BE THE WILL OF ODIN!
NEVER WOULD THE ALL-WISE COUNTENANCE BATTLE BETWEEN TWO WHO BE THUS UNFAIRLY MATCHED!
NO MATTER! WHAT ODIN DOTH NOT KNOW --CAN NEVER HURT HIM!
BUT, IT CAN PROVE THE DEATH OF THEE!

NEVER!
THOUGH I BE POSSESSED OF NAUGHT BUT PHYSICAL PROWESS--
I SHALL DEFY THY WILL SO LONG AS LIFE ENDURES!
AS I HAVE CRUSHED THEE IN THE PAST--SO SHALL I DO ONCE AGAIN!

ARROGANT FOOL!!
THOU DIDST WIN THY ACCURSED VICTORIES AS GOD OF THUNDER!
BUT NOW--THOU ART LIKE A MORTAL--OARING TO BATTLE A GOD!
NOW, ONLY LOKI DOTH POSSESS THE POWER OF ASGARD!

NOW, WHILST THOU MUST TASTE THE BITTER DREGS OF PHYSICAL WEARINESS--
WHICH THE LIMBS OF LOKI ARE NOT HEIR TO--
I SHALL--WITH BUT ONE FINAL BLOW--PUT AN END TO THIS CHARADE!
I MUST FIGHT BACK! I DARE NOT YIELD!

WHAT?!! STILL THOU HAS THE TEMERITY TO BATTLE ON?!!
I LIVE! THUS, STILL I FIGHT!

THOUGH I BE DEVOID OF GODLY ENCHANTMENT--
NOT E'EN ODIN MAY STRIP COURAGE FROM A LIVING HEART!
SPLASH

BUT, WHAT DOTH IT AVAIL TO PIT RAW COURAGE AGAINST ONE WHO CAN FEEL NO EARTHLY PAIN--
WHO CAN FIGHT WITH NEVER-ENDING, IMMORTAL ENERGY!
EVEN WHEN THOU HADST THY POWER--
--THE STRENGTH OF LOKI WAS ALMOST EQUAL TO THINE OWN!

AND NOW--SINCE THOU ART GOD NO MORE--THOU CANST ONLY BE CALLED--
MY VICTIM!
SLAM!

SURELY THOU DOEST NOT HOPE TO ESCAPE BY CLIMBING ATOP YON BUILDING?!!
'TIS NOT ESCAPE I SEEK--
BUT AN ARENA FOR BATTLE WHERE HAPLESS HUMANS WILL COME TO NO UNTOWARD HARM!

BUT THOR'S FALLING STRENGTH DOES NOT ENABLE HIM TO CLIMB FAST ENOUGH, AND HE IS DRAGGED DOWN BY LOKI!
ONCE THOU ART DEPOSED, LOKI SHALL BE MIGHTIEST OF ALL WHO INHABIT THE GOLDEN REALM --SAVE FOR THE OMNIPOTENT ONE HIMSELF!
NOT SO, LORD OF EVIL!
STILL IS THERE BALDER-- AND HEIMDALL! HOGAN, FANDRAL--AND A HOST OF OTHERS--!
FIE! 'TIS ONLY MY STRENGTH WHICH THEY MAY MATCH!
BUT, WHEN COUPLED WITH MY POWERS OF ENCHANTMENT-- NONE CAN BE MY PEER!
WHAT??! STILL THOU DAREST TO FIGHT BACK!
I DID HOPE TO SEE THEE ATTEMPT TO FLEE IN MINDLESS PANIC!
BUT PERHAPS 'TIS BETTER THIS WAY!
'TIS MOST APPARENT TO ME THAT THOU ART ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE!
THUS, THY FINAL FUTILE GESTURE CAN HOPE TO AVAIL THEE NAUGHT!
IN TRUTH, 'TIS A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR THEE TO FEEL THE MORTAL PANGS OF FATAL FATIGUE!
HAH! EVEN AS I SPEAK, THY BODY DOTH SAG WITH HELPLESS EXHAUSTION!
IT COULD END NO OTHER WAY!
THINE EARTHLY EFFORTS WERE DOOMED TO FAIL AGAINST MY MATCHLESS ASGARDIAN POWER!
AND NOW-- THE FINAL BLOW!
THEN SHALL LOKI STAND SUPREME--PERHAPS ONE DAY TO CHALLENGE THE POWER OF ODIN, HIMSELF!
BUT THEN--AS THE FATE OF A UNIVERSE SEEMS TO TREMBLE IN THE BALANCE--
BEHIND ME!! A SUDDEN FLASH-- AN UNEARTHLY SOUND--!
MASTER OF EVIL-- MAKE THOU NO FURTHER MOVE!
THE GODDESS SIF--AND SNIVELLING BALDER!
WE HAVE DARED ODIN'S WRATH-- TO SAVE THE MIGHTY THOR!
HOLD, FAIR ONE!
LET BALDER SPEAK!
HOW COME THEE HERE-- AGAINST THE EXPRESSED COMMAND OF ODIN??
WHEN ODIN LEARNS WHAT THOU HAST DONE--!
AND LEARN HE SHALL--OF THE MURDEROUS TREACHERY OF LOKI, AS WELL!
NEVER! NOT E'EN THE BOTH OF YOU POSSESS POWER ENOW TO DEFY MY WILL!
ONLY DEATH WILL STOP US!
STAND YOU BACK-- AS BALDER COMMANDS!
WHILE, WITHIN THE GOLDEN REALM OF ASGARD--
WHAT MONUMENTAL KINGLY DEFIANCE IS THIS??!
FIRST THOR-- THEN LOKI--
NOW--I BEHOLD BALDER-- AND FAIR SIF!
DISOBEDIENCE BREEDS ANARCHY--YET, THEY HAVE CHOSEN TO DISOBEY!
NO MATTER THEIR MOTIVES--MY PUNISHMENT MUST BE SWIFT--AND TERRIBLE!
AND, BY THE POWER OF YON BOLT I HURL-- SO SHALL IT BE!
NEXT: LET THERE BE CHAOS!

The NERVS
HI-YA, SMASHERS! THE ONLY REMEDY FOR ACUTE "HUNGER" IS A DOUBLE DOSE OF GRUB—TO BE TAKEN THREE TIMES A DAY—BETWEEN MEALS!
SLURP DROOL
CLASH
AFTER THE "TREATMENT"—WHILE FATTY IS RECUPERATING.
BEAST! GLUTTON! PIG!
THIS SETTLES IT! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE ANOTHER GO ON THE SLIMMING PILLS!
I'VE LOCKED THE LARDER DOOR, AND I'M BURYING THE KEY—IN CEMENT!
PING
TEAR
RIP-P-P
GASP!
HIC! HIC! HIC!
DOH-H!
BURR-RR
MEANWHILE, IN FATTY'S STOMACH STRETCHES THE "WAIST"-LINE, THE NERVS' DEFENCE AGAINST MARAUDING SLIMMING-PILL LEGIONS—
HA-HAR! YE WARNING-HORN! FATTY'S MUM HATH DECLARED WAR ON US—AGAIN—FORSOOTH!
GULP! I-I'M SCARED, DAD! I-I AIN'T BEEN IN ACTION BEFORE!
GASP! PUFF! HIC!
BATTLE OF ARMS
BURR-RP
FORT FAT
SCARED, SON? HO-HO! OUR FAMILY HATH FOUGHT ON FATTY'S "WAIST" LINE FOR GENERATIONS—AND ALWAYS WON YE DAY!
HONEST?
AYE, LAD! SO, HARK, WHILST I RELATE HOW OUR NOBLE ANCESTOR, HORATIO OE BLUBBERGUTTS, WON FAME IN "TUM WAR ONE", BY HOLDING YE BRIDGE, ALONE!
COR! GO ON THEN, DAD!
VERILY, MY SON! IT ALL BEGAN WHEN FATTY WAS BUT A BABE!—
H'M! WELL! I HOPE NOBODY STICKS A PIN IN THAT STOMACH! IT'D GO OFF 'BANG'—LIKE A PRICKED BALLOON!
HA-HA-HA! YOU ARE A ONE, GERT!
"IT WAS THEN THAT FATTY'S MUM FIRST DECLARED WAR ON HIS "WAIST" LINE:—"
SLIMMING PILL ADMINISTERER
RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
YOU'RE NOT MAKING A LAUGHING-STOCK OF ME! OPEN WIDE, YOU FLABBY FREAK!
ERK! GUG-GUG!
DA DA-A!
"AND SO THE ENEMY ENTERED FATTY, AND SWEPT ON, UNCHECKED."
THE PILLITE LEGION WILL ADVANCE AND REDUCE THE "WAIST" LINE! FORWARD!
HAIL CÆSAR!
AND SO, ON FATTY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY, YE FIRST ATTACK ON YE 'WAIST' LINE COMMENCED. IT WAS KNOWN AS "YE BATTLE OF YE BULGE."
'TIS OF NO AVAIL, O EMPEROR! THE TRENCH IS IMPASSABLE!
RUBBISH! DRAG UP A CHOCOLATE WAFER BISCUIT, AND BRIDGE THAT GAP!
WHERE'S THE FIRST-AID TENT?
DID'ST THOU NOT HEAR CÆSAR'S COMMAND? CONFISCATE A CHOC' BISCUIT FROM THE "TUM" DEPARTMENT.
BONK
"SO, MINUTES LATER—"
LOWER AWAY!
ALACK! ALL IS LOST, GREAT QUEEN. THEY ARE BRIDGING YE GAP!
PIFFLE, YOUR MAJESTY!
"THUS SPAKE HORATIO, OUR ANCESTOR."

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GET SOME HEROIC TWIT TO HOLD YE BRIDGE, SINGLE-HANDED, WHILE THE REST MAKE A COWARDLY DASH FOR IT!
"ONE ROYAL APPROVAL LATER—"
TRULY SPOKEN, FELLOW. AND THOU, BEING YE TWIT OF TWITS, SHALL DO IT!
ERK! WHY DIDN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?
OUT, HERO!
PROD
SNARL! THE PILLITE LEGION WILL ADVANCE, AND RUTHLESSLY DESTROY THE ENEMY!
OO'ECK! ER-ER— H-HAIL, CÆSAR!" (GULP!) L-LONG LIVE THE EMPIRE!
BUZZZ
HUMM
ADVANCE! —AGH!
BUZZ HUMM
EEK! A HUM-BUG! I CAN'T STAND THEM!
WHACK
SWISH-H
SHRIEK! SCREAM!
QUICK! SOMEBODY HELP ME SWAT IT, ERE IT PRANGETH ME!
AIEEE! HE'S GONE MAD!
BUZZ HUM
BAM
WHACK
"600 SWIPES LATER—"
QUARTER! QUARTER! SPARE ME! WE I MEAN, I— SURRENDER, SIR!
HIS COMRADES HATH DESERTED HIM, FORSOOTH!
THUS, HORATIO NERV WAS PROCLAIMED A HERO, AND YOUNG FATSO'S 'WAIST' LINE REMAINED UNBROKEN AND ROBUST!
THE SLIMMING PILLS DIDN'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT, DOCTOR.
AYE! AH CAN SEE FOR MASEL'! BUT, NO TAE WORRY! WE'LL REINFORCE THE TREATMENT WI' A COURSE OF IRON TONIC PILLS!
WAH-H!
GUG! GOO!
RUMBLE BLOYLK!
"AND SO, WHEN THE 'SLIMMING-PILLS' NEXT ATTACKED, THEY WERE BACKED BY HEAVY ARTILLERY!"
FIRE ONE!
FIRE TWO!
FIRE THREE!
WE HATH HAD IT!
AGH!
SOMEBODY SURRENDER!
UB
HO-HO! BANG ON!
THESE IRON PILLS WILL REDUCE THAT "WAIST" LINE!
"BUT FATTY INSTINCTIVELY SAVED THE DAY BY CLUTCHING A BOTTLE OF CALIFORNIAN SYRUP OF FIGS— AND DOWNING YE LOT!"
GUGGLE GASP! GURGLE!
CALIFORNIAN SYRUP OF FIGS
"DESPERATE EFFORTS WERE MADE TO REPEL THE REINFORCEMENTS—AND A STOMACH-PUMP WAS RUSHED TO YE 'FRONT' TO SAVE YE 'PILLITE' FORCES!"
THE FAT LITTLE FIEND!
SABOTAGE! TREACHERY!
SLOOP
SLURP
RUMBLE
G'LAAR-RG! UG-GULK!
"BUT, IT WAS TOO LATE! ALREADY, OVERWHELMING ODDS HAD CLEARED A PATH THROUGH YE TERRIFIED 'PILLITES', IN THE FORM OF YE 5TH CALIFORNIAN LIGHT CAVALRY!"
FORWARD, THE FIFTH!
YA HOO!
TOO-TOO ROO
CHARGE!
AGH-H!! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED!! RETREAT IN CONFUSION!
MAJESTY! YE CAVALRY HATH ARRIVED IN YE NICK OF TIME! YE ENEMY DOTH FLEE!
HAH HAH HAH! (GURGLE!) VICTORY IS OURS!
LAST GASP
MAY YE GODS FOR EVER SMILE ON FATTY!
SO, STEM THY FEARS, AND REST ASSURED THAT, WHAT-SO-EVER FOUL AND FEARFUL FORCES HIS MUM MAY LAUNCH O'ER YONDER HORIZON—
—YE FAT ONE WILL BE INSPIRED TO PROVIDE US WITH SOME COUNTER MEASURES!
HEH-HEH! SHE'S JUST DOSED ME WITH A "SLIM-KWIK" POWDER I'LL OVERWHELM IT WITH A 14 LB PLUM DUFF SHE'S GOT LOCKED UP IN HERE!
LARDER.
CRUNCH SPLINTER

THE SPECTRE VS THE DEMON

IN HIS SECRET HIDEOUT **JIM JORDAN**, THE MAN THE WORLD THINKS TO BE DEAD, PASSES HIS HAND ACROSS A FOREHEAD GROWN PALE AND DAMP..

THAT... THAT **THING** THAT ATTACKED ME! COULD IT **REALLY** HAVE BEEN A **VAMPIRE?** IF ONLY I COULD CLEAR MY HEAD. BUT I FEEL SO WEAK..! MUST REST..!

ONE THING IS SURE SOMETHING IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD HAS DRAINED JIM OF HIS STRENGTH. AND BEFORE HE CAN REACH A CHAIR HIS LEGS BUCKLE BENEATH HIM.

OUR SCENE CHANGES...TO A SHADOWY ROOM IN WHICH, SEEMINGLY UNATTACHED TO ANY BODY, HANGS THE HEAD OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL OF THE AGE. LUCIFUS DEMMON —**OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE DEMON!** AND WITH HIM IS... **THE VAMPIRE!**

...A STRONG, ATHLETIC MAN... WITH THE FEATURES YOU DESCRIBE! I AM CERTAIN THAT THIS MAN YOU SAW IS THE MAN I SEEK... **JIM JORDAN** ...THE ONE MEN CALL **THE SPECTRE!** I SWORE TO KILL HIM!

I FIGHT WITH THE POWERS OF DARKNESS... AND EVEN IF HE BE NO LONGER OF THIS EARTH I SHALL **STILL** DESTROY HIM! NOW **GO**... FIND THE SPECTRE AND BRING HIM TO MY PRESENCE!

IN HIS SECRET ROOM BENEATH THE MEMORIAL THAT HAD BEEN ERECTED TO HIM BY A GRATEFUL WORLD JIM JORDAN STIRS AT LAST

WH-WHAT **HAPPENED?** AH— NOW I REMEMBER. I'M FEELING MUCH STRONGER NOW. BUT HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN ASLEEP?

AS THE LOOSE FLAGSTONE AT THE FOOT OF THE MEMORIAL GENTLY LIFTS IT IS ALREADY NEARLY DUSK

AND NOW THE SPECTRE MUST FIND THE TRUTH! THE TRUTH ABOUT WHATEVER IT WAS THAT WAS WALKING LAST NIGHT IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD!

SILENTLY THE SPECTRE MOVES THROUGH THE WEATHERED STONES SCATTERED AMONG THE NEGLECTED GRASS SURROUNDING THE ANCIENT CHURCH...

THIS IS THE **TOMB** THAT LOOKED AS IF IT HAD RECENTLY BEEN OPENED. EEEERGH! GOT TO **MOVE** IT! GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT **CONTAINS!**

SLOWLY THE HEAVY SLAB SLIDES ACROSS..

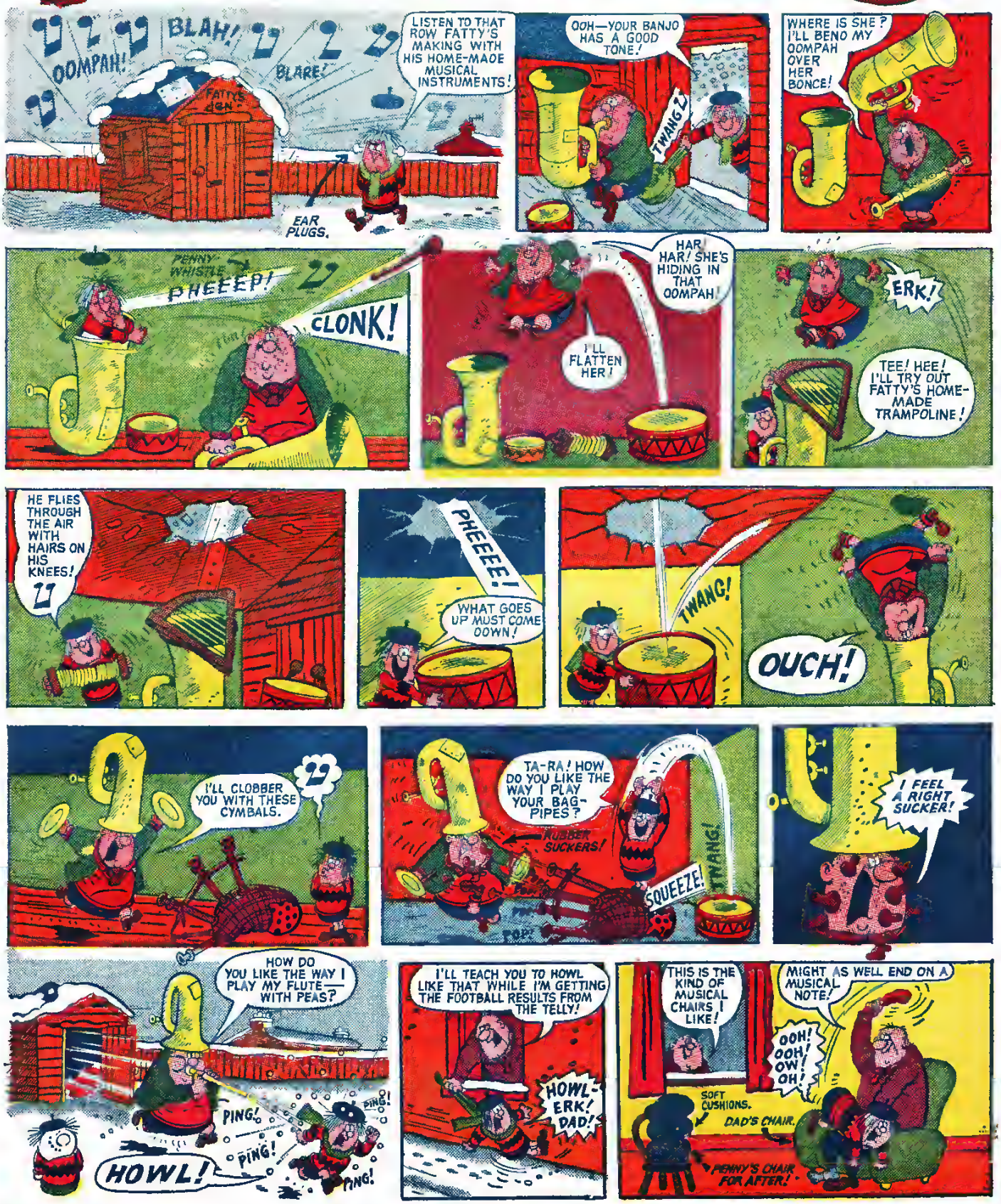
DONE IT! BUT **WHAT** WILL I FIND WITHIN?

EMPTY!

A THIN PIPING VOICE FROM BEHIND MAKES JIM WHIRL.
OF COURSE IT'S EMPTY. THAT TOMB HAS BEEN EMPTY THESE MANY YEARS!
JIM STARES AT THE STOOPED, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE.
WHO ARE YOU?
I'M THE SEXTON OF THIS CHURCH. THAT TOMB WAS THE TOMB OF ROB ROWLEY, THE MURDERER. AND HIS COFFIN WAS REMOVED FROM IT MANY YEARS AGO!
AND WHO ARE YOU? WHAT WERE YOU EXPECTING TO FIND IN THE MURDERER'S TOMB?
BUT JIM'S ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY RIVETED ELSEWHERE.
OUTLINED AGAINST THE DARKENING SKY AS IT GLIDES FROM THE ROOF OF ALL SOULS CHURCH IS A CHILLING SHAPE.
ALL HIS SENSES TINGLING, JIM DASHES FORWARD.
THAT MUST BE THE THING THAT ATTACKED ME LAST NIGHT! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!
JIM VAULTS THE CHURCHYARD RAILINGS.
THERE IT GOES!
THROUGH A MAZE OF TWISTING STREETS JIM KEEPS THE MENACING FIGURE IN SIGHT.
THEN FROM THE DIRECTION IN WHICH THE CREATURE HAS DISAPPEARED COMES A SCREAM.
AAAAAH! NO!
IN THE NAME OF MERCY! WHAT HAS THAT FOUL THING DONE?
JIM ROUNDS THE CORNER AT A BREATHLESS RUN.
NO LIVING THING IN SIGHT! AND YET... I DID NOT IMAGINE THAT TERRIBLE CRY!
THEN SOMETHING ON THE PAVEMENT CATCHES HIS EYE... SOMETHING WET AND STICKY!
BLOOD— BUT WHOSE IS IT?
NEXT WEEK: INTO THE VAMPIRE'S TRAP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1969


OOMPAH!
BLAH!
BLARE!
FATTY'S DEN
LISTEN TO THAT ROW FATTY'S MAKING WITH HIS HOME-MADE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!
EAR PLUGS.
OOH—YOUR BANJO HAS A GOOD TONE!
TWANG!
WHERE IS SHE? I'LL BEND MY OOMPAH OVER HER BONCE!
PENNY WHISTLE
PHEEEP!
CLONK!
HAR! HAR! SHE'S HIDING IN THAT OOMPAH!
I'LL FLATTEN HER!
ERK!
TEE! HEE! I'LL TRY OUT FATTY'S HOME-MADE TRAMPOLINE!
HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR WITH HAIRS ON HIS KNEES!
PHEEEE!
WHAT GOES UP MUST COME OOWN!
TWANG!
OUCH!
I'LL CLOBBER YOU WITH THESE CYMBALS.
TA-RA! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WAY I PLAY YOUR BAG-PIPES?
RUBBER SUCKERS!
SQUEEZE!
TWANG!
I FEEL A RIGHT SUCKER!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THE WAY I PLAY MY FLUTE— WITH PEAS?
PING!
PING!
PING!
PING!
HOWL!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO HOWL LIKE THAT WHILE I'M GETTING THE FOOTBALL RESULTS FROM THE TELLY!
HOWL-ERK! DAD!
THIS IS THE KIND OF MUSICAL CHAIRS I LIKE!
MIGHT AS WELL END ON A MUSICAL NOTE!
OOH! OOH! OW! OH!
SOFT CUSHIONS.
DAD'S CHAIR.
PENNY'S CHAIR FOR AFTER!